

7

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OR, THE
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(After the Manner of Shakespear.)

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(July 1794. Cont'd.)

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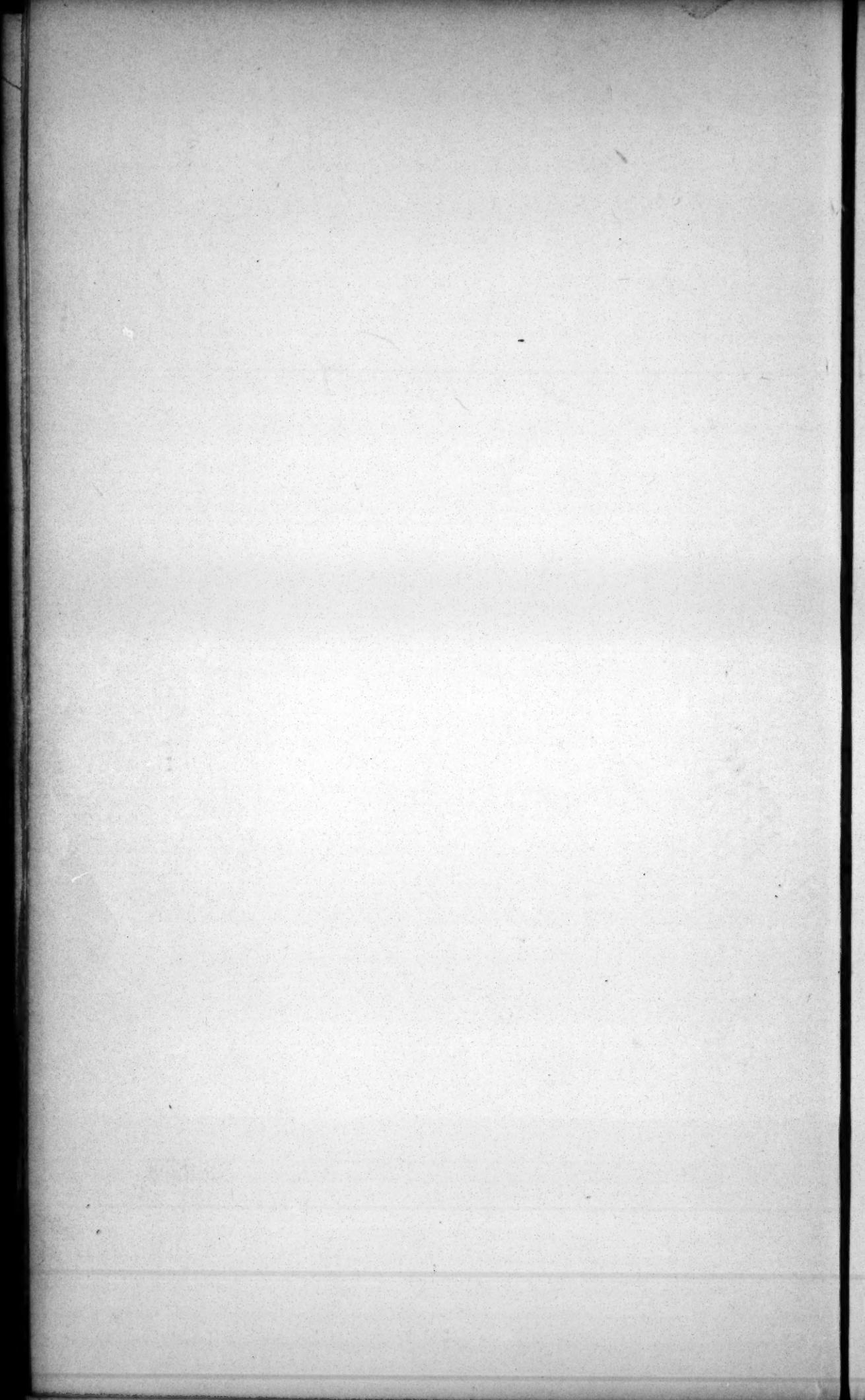
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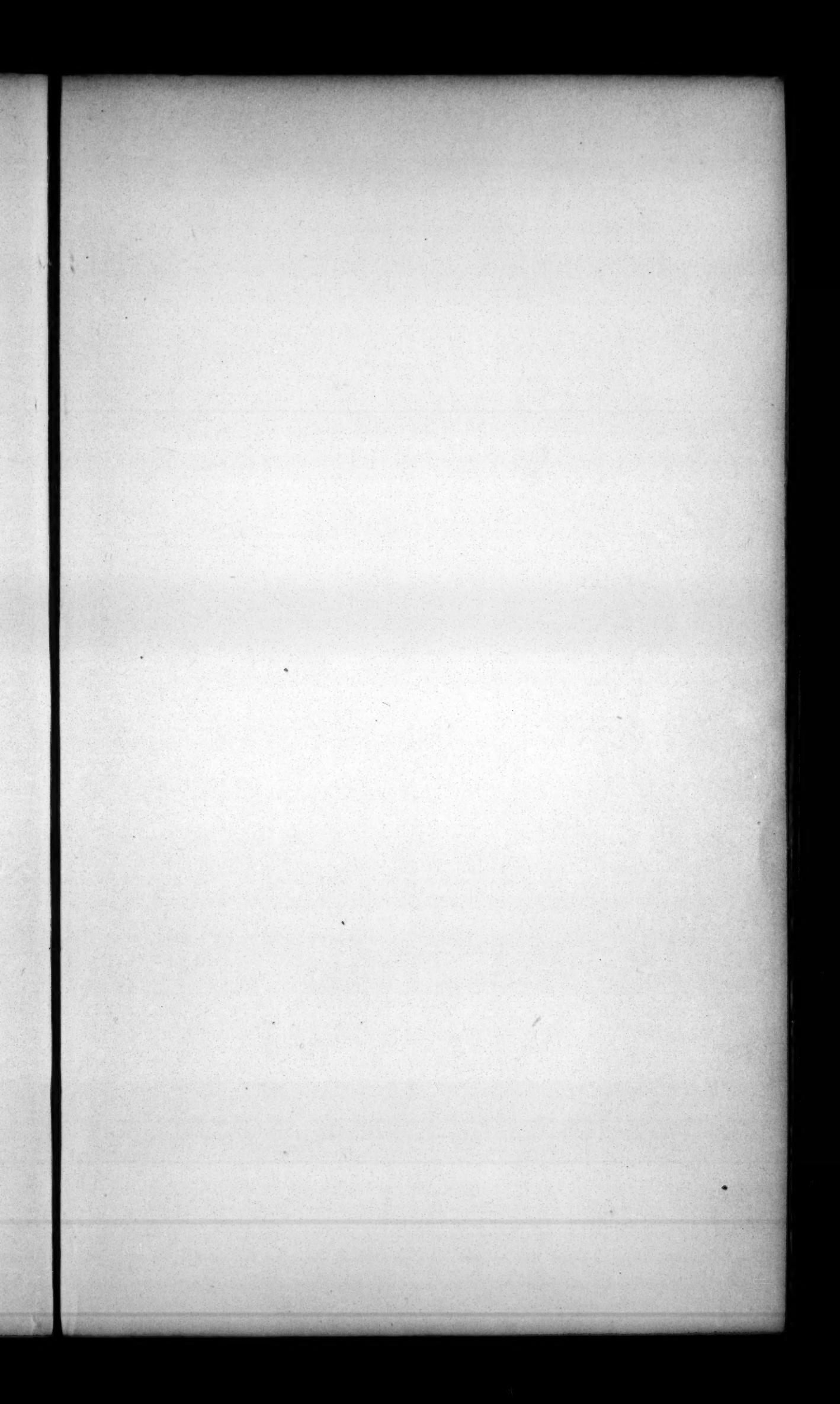
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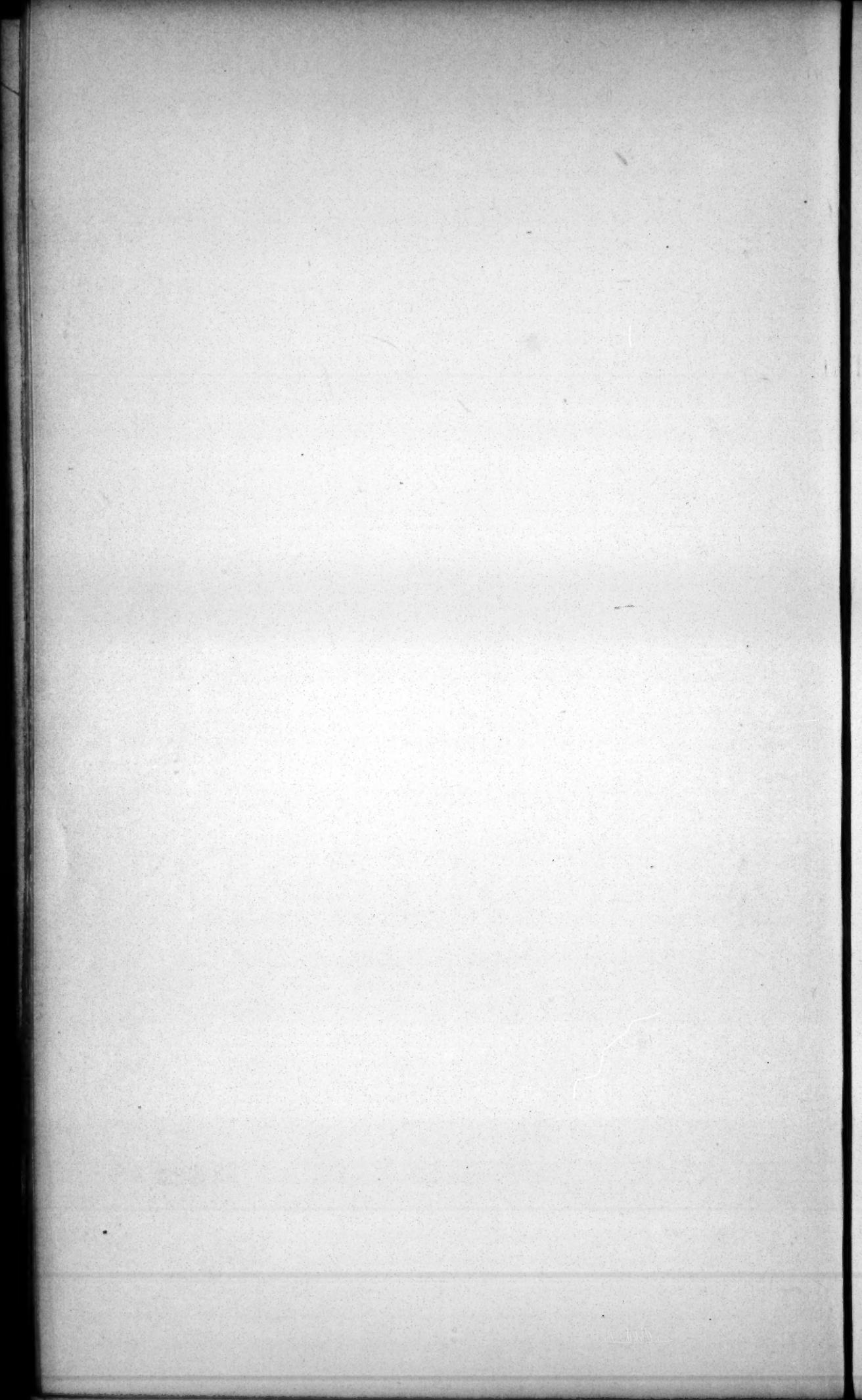
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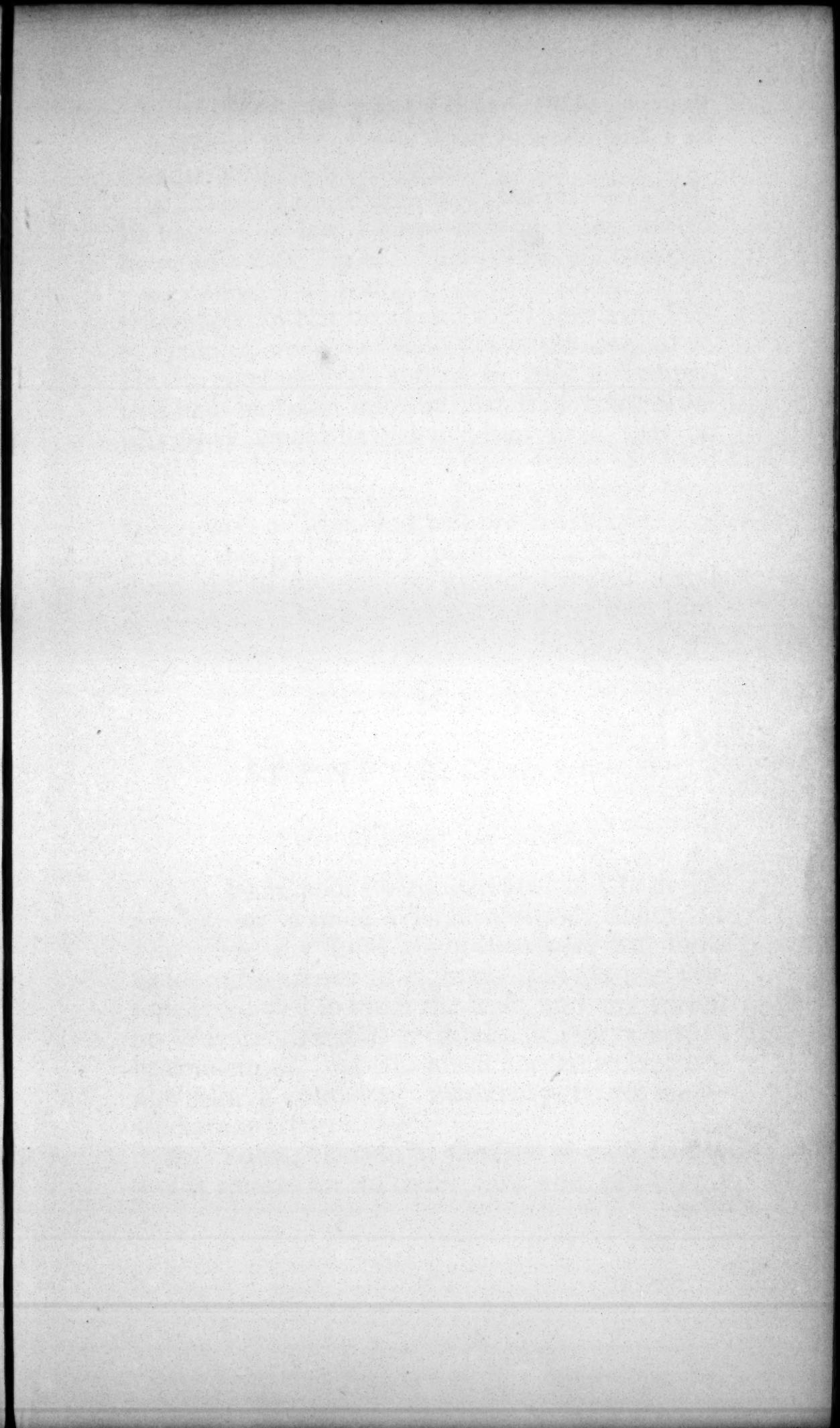
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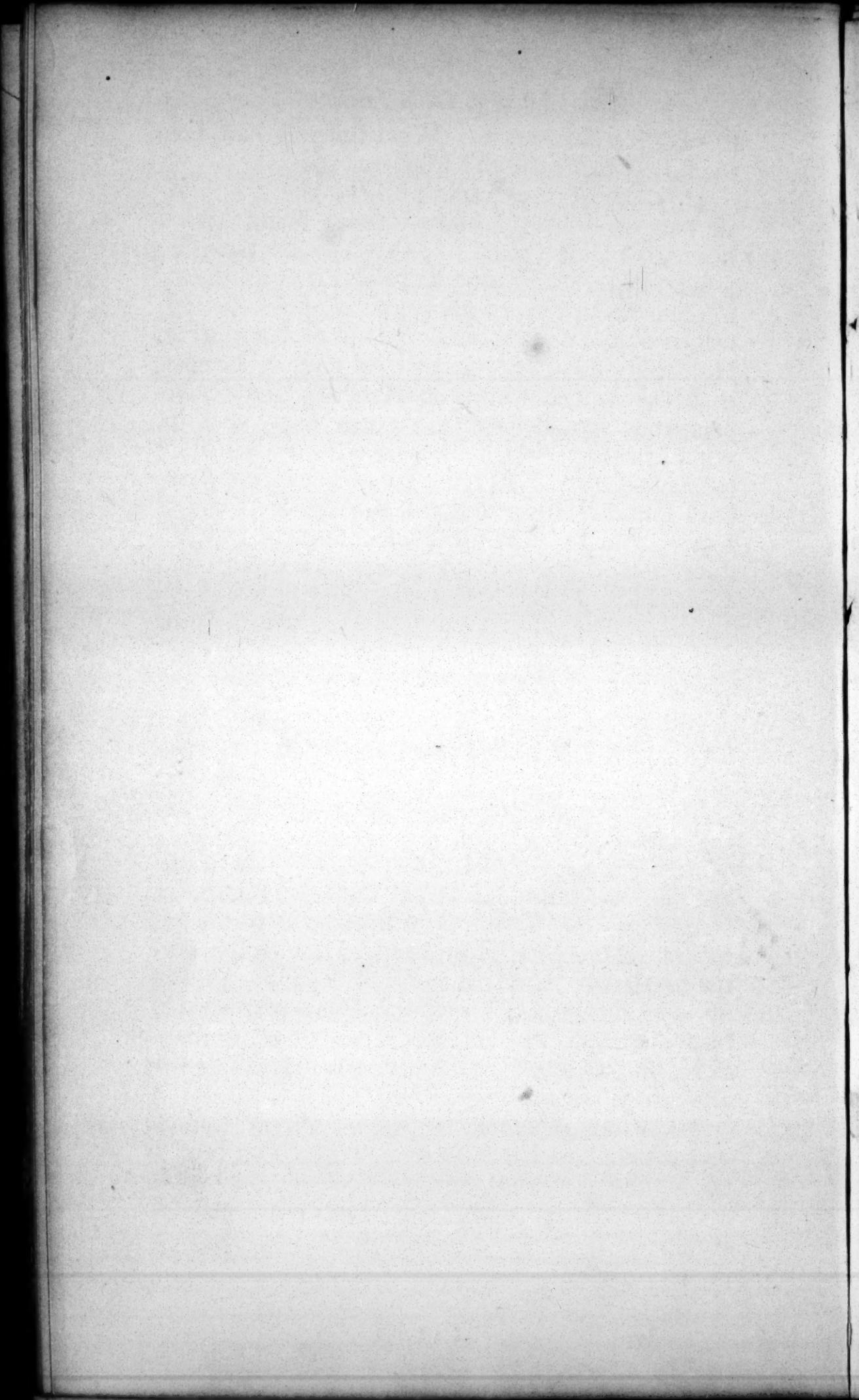












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2d Game. So am I.—What Busineſs had I to meddle with Children's Play.

4th Game. I think each of us has play'd a childiſh Part —— but I know how to bring myself home in a little Time. [Exit all but 4th Gameſter.

4th Game. This young Lord is one of the errantest Bubbles in Nature. He is infected with the Itch of Gaming, and yet understands nothing of it. He is good-natur'd, and of so easy a Temper, that had he fallen into the Hands of some Sharpers, they would have strip'd him bare, that he would not have been able to have shewn his Face for three Years. 'Tis true, I have got thirty thouſand Pièces by him, and will prevent his Ruin if I can; though I fear his present Success may induce him to proceed to greater Lengths than I could wish. I must have a watchful Eye over him.

[Exit.

S C E N E III.

S C E N E a fine Country Seat.

Enter Miranda and Betty.

Mir. From poor Plebeian Parents had I been descended, or wanted a large Portion, Youth, or Education, my Lord might then have had ſome Colour of Pretence to slight me; but as my Fortune is equall'd to his at the leaſt, and my Person no Way disagreeable, methinks, it is very hard to be contemned, and ſtill much harder to be aban-don'd for a common, mercenary Harlot —— Barbarous Usage!

Bet. Yours, Madam, is the Fate of moſt Ladies; and it amazes me to think how you can bear it with

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with so much Constancy.—I must needs say
you are a *Miracle of Quality*.

Mir. Chastity and Magnimity are such excellent
and inestimable Virtues, that should I once swerve
from them, I would look upon Life not worthy
to be preserv'd.—Patience and Perseverance
may in Time open his Eyes, but little did I think
he would treat me as a Person who carried Infec-
tion about her.—If I retire to my Country-Seat,
he shuns me as if I carried about me all the Diseas-
es of *Pandora's Box*; and if I follow him to Town,
he imediately harries into the Country, and takes
his Mistresses with him.—How great are my
Sufferings!

Bet. I wonder, Madam, that your Ladyship
does not cause the Woman to be punish'd, since
you undergo such Hardships upon her Account;
I should take a Pleasure in seeing her beat Hemp:
Her Betters have done it.

Mir. Though such a Punishment would not be
equal to her Demerit, yet I cannot be induced to
do it; or if I should comply therewith, it would
avail me nothing, for the Count would soon take
her out, or get another Mistress. In my Opin-
ion, the Woman is least culpable; tho' if she had
any sense of Virtue, she would quit the odious
Life she leads, and maintain herself honestly by
some other Occupation.

Bet. Let her turn Actres, sell Oranges, Pam-
phlets, or cry Fish; these are most suitable to her
Birth and Education.

Mir. —They may be so; but, upon second
Thoughts, I would not blame the Creature so
much, if she had first been debauch'd by the
Count; for he stands conspicuous by his Port and
Grandeur; and she, who observes his Air, his
Mien, his Shape, will find few who will equal
him in the Graces of his Person. *Nature* has
been

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been as liberal of her Gifts as Fortune; both have done their utmost to make him appear great and lovely.

[She pants.]

Bet. And if you regard him heedfully, you will read something in his Eyes, which discovers he has a Soul far unworthy of the Case in which it shin'd.— If he was my Husband, I would —

[Aside.]

Mir. I know that he is not insensible of Beauty: He is accounted one of the most amorous of the Nobility; and to gratify his Inclination that Way, will make no Scruple of sacrificing any thing.

Bet. The meanest of the *Plebeian* Crowd who court his Favour, or implore his Bounty, has not a Disposition more sordid and avaricious; there is none so vile, who for Interest he will not basely fawn upon; nor any so much below him, whom to take instrumental to his Gain, he will not treat as his Superiors.

[Aside.]

Mir. I will endeavour not to displease him, except my Return to Town unexpectedly will do it; and I am resolved to set out To-morrow Morning, in Hopes to reclaim him.

[Exeunt.]

Enter Millmonde.

Mill. Never was a Man more formed to charm than the Count *Orainos*; his Conversation has that soft persuasive Air, that there is scarce a Probability of knowing him without loving him. *Apollo* has shower'd his choice Favours on him, and he is one of the best Poets of the Age; but not all his Learning, or his Wit, can defend him from being my Property; though, I must confess, that I love and prefer him before all other Men. His Generosity and open Candour, which is almost inseperable from good Sense, renders him at once incapable of a bad Action, or of suspecting it in others; I am mercenary, and cannot help it; 'tis ingrafted

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ingrafted in my Nature. — Here he comes.
Hypocrisy, thou dear Companion of our Sex,
assist me to delude this lovely Tempter.

Enter Count Orainos.

Orain. Cœlestial Creature, how propitious is the God of Love in favouring me with this Opportunity of finding you alone? Then say, divinely Fair One, must I live or perish in Despair? My Thread of Life is in your Hands, and you can spin it out, or cut it short.

Mill. My Lord, I am willing to do all that lies in my Power to lengthen your Life, provided it be consistent with my Virtue; but when you press me to grant you the Favour, to which no honest Woman can consent, you put me into such Confusion, that I cannot in some time recall my scatter'd Senses.

Orain. This, Madam, is the Common-place Discourse of every handsome Woman; it is as often in the Mouths of Virgins, as of Ladies who are married; but I hope not in the Hearts of either, especially the latter.

Mill. My Lord, to deal freely and ingeniously with you, I must desire you to give over your Sollicitations for the future, or expect to see my Face no more,

Orain. This is unreasonable, the most preposterous Injunction imaginable; Nature gave Beauty to Woman for no other Reason than that she might be adored and enjoyed.

Mill. I hope you mean by the Person, who has a right Claim to it. Am I not married? Therefore the small Portion of Beauty that I am endowed with, does properly belong to the Chevalier Millmonde.

Grain.

Orain. If, Madam, you reserve it for him alone, you ought to wear a Veil, and not expose your Face as a Spider does his Net, to catch the un-warv.— Come, come, Madam, communicate and be liberal, the Chevalier will find enough to answer his Expectation, and satisfy his Desire. Love for Love is the most grateful Return, and a plain Demonstration of each other's Affection. Can you require any thing more to convince you how much I adore you ?

Mill. My Lord, they who are adored, may reasonably be supposed to have some command over their Adorers, otherwise the Adoration may be paid to a Statue ; now if this be the Case, which I persuade my self you cannot deny, then I must take the Authority upon me to say that it is my Will and Pleasure that you talk to me no more of Love ; unlawful and adulterous Love.

Orain. Inexorable Goddess ! —— but I must obey.

Moll. O Heavens! I hear my Husband's Voice ; my good Lord, go down the Back-Stairs, for if he sees you here, I am ruined for ever.

Orain. Madam, I will do any thing to prevent such a Misfortune. [Exit.]

Mill. What a conflict do I feel between Love and Interest! Surely Nature never formed another Creature of such an odd Composition : I love the Count *Orainos*, and who can see and converse with that most accomplished Nobleman, and not love him? I have an Aversion to my *Chevalier*, and yet tho' he uses me with Indifference, I cannot refrain from consulting his Interest, and I know he could not support himself but through my Management.

Enter Chevalier.

Chev. My Dear, I applaud your treating the Count *Orainos* in the manner you have done. When I saw him go up Stairs, I follow'd, and listen'd to your Discourse. I must own that he is a most polite Gentleman; but as we cannot support our selves as we do, without bubbling those who have Wealth, it behoves you to keep him at a distance, which will make him the more eager when you give him any Encouragement, and prevent the Suspicion of any Design against him.

Mill. I want not your Instructions. If I am to be directed by you, I am certain that every one of my Plots, tho' ever so well concerted, will come to Abortion. Had I followed your Advice, my Design on the last Gentleman trapan'd would have certainly miscarried

Chev. Well, well, I will submit every thing to your Discretion.

Mill. Yes truly, because you cannot avoid it: Yoo have no Estate nor Dependance to support your pretended Gentility but by my Stratagems, and should they fail, you must be reduced to your primitive Rags.

Chev. You touch me to the Quick, but I will bear it: However, take care that you do not violate your Marriage Oath.

Mill. What, more of your Advice? Your Caution is thrown away upon me; I will act in what Manner, as my Inclination leads me. Did I ever give you Cause to suspect my Chastity?

Chev. No; but I think you need not be so passionate.

Mill. Who can refrain when such Provocation is given? Are you not obliged to me for the Bread you eat, the Cloaths you wear, and the Bed

Bed

Bed you lie on? Do I not pay the House-Rent, and furnish you with every Thing that a Gentleman can require? I dare swear, you are the first of your Family that ever wore a Sword, and you wear it more for Fashion than Defence. You are sensible you never drew it out of the Scabbard, but when a Shoe-Boy daub'd your Stockings.

Chev. Who gives the Provocation now?

Mill. If I provoke you, you have given me Reason for it. Look you, Sir, I will not be used in this Manner; if you do not quit the Room, I will.

[Exit.]

Chev. Surely the Woman has pitch'd upon a Nettle to Day: She is grown a meer Termagant.

When Woman to her Fury does give Way,
Time only can the Hurricane allay. [Exit.]

The End of the First ACT.





ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE Russelius's Chamber.

Enter Russelius.

Rstrimony and Gaming may, in my Opinion, be very justly called Lotteries, where there are ten Blanks to one Prize, and ten thousand to one great one. I have been almost ruined by the latter, and was reduced to the very Brink of mortgaging my Estate, had not Fortune favoured me when I play'd at *Hussle-Cap*; But, alas! the Thousands I won at that boyish Game, may quickly be scratch'd from me, if the blind Goddess turns her Wheel about. — As for Marriage, I am so unfortunate therein, that I would freely give half of my Estate for a Child; but Nature has put a Bar to my Desire, and all my Endeavours prove ineffectual.

Enter Clarissa.

Cla. My Lord, pursuant to your Commands, I come to know your Pleasure, and am ready to pay my Obedience to you in every Thing.

Ruf. You have always comply'd with me, and never gave me Cause to complain; — except in one respect. (*Aside.*) You study how to please and obey, and hourly manifest your Obedience, which are such attractive Qualities, that they command Affection in return for them; but there are few

few Ladies of Quality who can boast such excellent Qualities.

Cla. If Love were out of the Case, yet my Duty obliges me to submit, and strive to please you.

Ruf. Thou art an excellent Creature in your Conversation and Behaviour, and I love you as I do my own Soul. — Yet —

Cla. What, my Lord? Open your Mind freely, and conceal nothing from a Wife who would willingly resign her Life to give you Satisfaction and Content.

Ruf. Banish such Thoughts; and far be it from me to desire what is so unreasonable. — It may blow over. — I intend to dine with your Father, Count *Egerius*, and hope you will accompany me: I request it of you.

Cla. My Lord, your Requests I shall esteem as Commands, and I shall be punctual in the Execution of them.

Ruf. I believe it. — Let me know when you are ready, and I will attend you thither. [Exit.]

Cla. O my foreboding Heart! Something within tells me all is not right; and yet methinks, I have a Prospect before my Eyes of living happily with my dear Lord *Ruffelius*, many Years. — — O Nature, Nature, why didst thou give me Beauty to captivate the Heart of my beloved Lord, and yet render me incapable of answering the End for which Marriage was instituted?

Well may the lovely Youth complain, 'tis true;
The Fault's not mine, but does belong to you.

[Exit.]

SCENE

SCENE II.

SCENE, *an Apartment in Vanetta's Lodgings.*

Scene opens, and discovers her sitting on a Couch, with a Book in her Hand, which she lays down.

To lament my Condition, would be downright Folly ; and to pretend to repent of what I have done, would be an Argument of the greatest Hypocrisy, since it is impossible for me to live, but in the Arms of my dear *Learchus*. There is Music, methinks, in every Word he speaks, melodious his Voice, and eloquent his Tongue; but when his soft Lips encounter mine, and in each other's tender Arms we lie, then are all my Senses lost in rapturous Extasies.

Form so perfect, Air so moving,
Who can see, and hold from loving.

Enter Fidelia in haste.

Fid. Madam, the five young Ladies are coming down the Gravel-Walk, and design to make you —

Van. What young Ladies do you mean ?

Fid. *Medosa, Mordaria, Wilhelmina, Divaria and Cartaria.*

Van. Attend, and conduct them hither. [She looks out. Exit Fidelia.] Bless me, what a Group of grotesque Figures do I see ! I guess their Design, especially what their Ringleaders, *Mordaria* and *Medosa*, would be at ; but I shall turn their own Cannon upon them, nor shall they gain one Inch of Ground in attacking me. *Cartaria* is young and innocent ; *Divaria* too, I believe is chaste ; nor have I Reason to censure *Wilhelmina* ; but, I cannot

not entertain so good an Opinion of *Medosa* and *Mordaria*.

Enter five young Ladies.

All. Your Servant, Madam.

Van. Ladies, I am yours.

[She salutes *Cartaria*, *Divaria*, and *Wilhelmina*, and looks upon *Medosa* and *Mordaria* with an haughty Air.]

Pray seat your selves. This Visit, *Cartaria*, is the more acceptable, because unexpected; and to whom, *Divaria* and *Wilhelmina*, am I indebted for your good Companies? Is the Cause owing to Friendship, or were you instigated to it by *Mordaria* and *Medosa*?

Mor. Madam, I never persuade any to act contrary to their Inclinations.

Medos. Nor I Madam.

[They talk aside.]

Van. Then, Ladies, I am the more obliged to you for this Visit.

Car. Believe me, *Vanetta*, Friendship to you directed me hither.

Wilb. I can justly say the same.

Div. We met one another as we walked in the Garden, and hearing of your Indisposition, I proposed this Visit.

Van. I shall ever acknowledge the Favour. — Ladies, to talk apart, in Company, has always been accounted a Solœcism in good Manners, and betrays a Want of Education; it is deemed at least an Affront to the Person whom you visit.

Medos. We do not come to learn Manners from you, Madam; and I may venture to affirm, that our Education has been as good as your's, Madam.

Van. I am very sorry, *Medosa*, that you are not able to demonstrate what you affirm.

Mor.

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Mor. It is a task attended with no Difficulty; and as to the Affront you mentioned, you may take it as it best suits your Inclinations.

Car. Fye, fye, Ladies, let me entreat you to forbear.

Wilb. It is not seemly at this Juncture.

Div. For my Part, I dread what may ensue, and therefore will not stay to hear it.

Car. Nor I.

Van. What, Ladies, are you going so very soon? This is a Court-Visit. — Let me prevail with you to drink Tea.

Car. We will wait upon you at a more seasonable Opportunity. [Exeunt. *Car.* *Wilb.* and *Div.*]

Van. Come, my Rivals, take my Advice; you see the Maiden Ladies are as polite in their Carriage, as if they had been bred at Court from their Infancy; imitate their Conduct, tho' you cannot arrive to their Perfection.

Mor. Ha, ha, ha, 'tis pleasant enough to hear a Person recommend Conduct to others, who wants it her self.

Mes. Or pretend to give Advice, who never would follow any Ha, ha, ha.

Van. Those forced Smiles betray inward Rancour and Malice. — But, my Dears, you ought to look upon it as a friendly Admonition; for let me tell you, that your Behaviour is deeply tinctur'd with Billingsgate.

Med. I have heard it affirm'd that People afflicted with the Jaundice, conclude every body they behold to be of the same Complexion.

Mor. Look you, *Vanetta*, we openly declare our selves to be your Rivals, and now be upon your Guard.

Van. I believe, Madam, *Learchus* has had a Sample of the Piece, but found it so coarse, that he would not make a Suit. — Pr'ythee, Ladies, if

if you think to seduce my Lover, let the one cast her Skin, and perhaps she may have a smoother Face; and the other ought to go to a Boarding-School, and learn to walk something like a human Creature.

Med. Intollerable Insolence!

Van. Bless me! my Dears, if you should chance to bring forth young ones, the Cubs will be a greater Terror to the Inhabitants of the Country, than a *Russian Bear unmuzzled*.

Mor. Such Language is not to be borne.

[They rise, and go out in a Passion.

Van. With much Difficulty I have forc'd my troublesome Guest to retire, who, under the Pretence of a Visit, came to pry into my Condition,

Enter Lord Whifler.

Whif. Dear *Vanetta*, how do you do? I am your obedient Slave, and all that.

Van. Very familiar truly. I cannot imagine what has brought him here?

Whif. She hears me not. [Aside.] —— Madam, I rejoice to see you in good Health, and am come to offer my Service to you.

Van. Lord *Whifler*; my Thoughts were so much employ'd upon some private Affairs of Life that I did not see you. I ask your Lordship's Pardon.

Whif. O Dear, Madam, no Apologies I beseech you. —— I know your Thoughts, and have wrote a small Poem in your Justification.

Van. In mine, - my Lord! what have I done to make you so officious.

Whif. Nay, I do not know, truly; but the World says you are —

Van. What?

Whif. A very pretty Lady. —— 'Gad I think I have brought myself off very handsomely. [Aside.

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Van. If that be all, my Lord, surely I want no Justification.

Whif. I cannot say this is all, for—

Van. Pray explain yourself.

Whif. I am a Favourite of the Muses ; and this Poem will inform you.

Van. I have not Leisure at present, and therefore I hope you will excuse me.

Whif. O dear, Madam, by all Means : I remain yours while Sun and Moon endures.

[Exit severally.]

S C E N E III.

S C E N E a Chamber in a Palace.

Copernicus and Mordaria.

Cop. Why frowns my Love? what has disturb'd thy Halcion Hours of Peace? may I not know the Cause?

Mor. Indeed, my Lord, I ought not to conceal any thing from you ; but the Nature of this is such, that I don't care as yet to disclose it.

Cop. Has any Man affronted you ? name him, and my Sword shall do you Justice.

Mor. Mine is a female Quarrel, and I am the propereft Person to revenge it.—When we meet next I will communicate it to you.

With painful Expectation I shall wait,
And find no Rest 'till you the whole relate.

The End of the Second ACT.

A C T



ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE A Dining Room.

Enter Mamilla and Russelus.

MAMILLA.

Must needs own, my Lord, that you have acted with the greatest Prudence in an Affair of such Importance ; and I assure you, I would not have consented to my Daughter's Marriage, had I known her natural Imperfection.

Rus. Madam, I concealed it as long as I could possibly, imagining it, at first, to proceed from a Virgin Modesty ; but when I had conquered her Bashfulness in that respect, knowing my own Sufficiency, I judged it proper to lay the Case before you.

Mam. I hope you did not intend to sue for a Divorce, that would work Penelope's Web, and destroy what you have already done ; I mean, you would reveal to the World, what you have with so much Goodness and Industry hitherto kept secret.

Rus. I assure your Ladyship, I have not entertained a Thought that tends that Way ; but if the Obstacle cannot be removed, it would be unreasonable to expect that I should waste my Youth, and have no Probability of Issue. I love my dear

Clarissa

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Clarissa so well, that I would not willingly part
with her upon any Terms.*

Mam. I thank your Lordship, and will acknowledge that you act honourably.

Ruf. I am not in haste to put in Practice, what I wish may be avoided, and therefore shall commit your Daughter to your Care.

Mam. No Endeavours shall be wanting to make Art get the better of Nature; and if that can be effected, Success will crown your Patience, and each of our Desires.

[Exit. Ruf.

Enter Sarella and Egerius.

Sar. I am so surprised, my Lord, at what you tell me, in Relation to my Grand-Child, that it puts me almost beyond the Power of Thought.

Ege. Believe me, Madam, I have too much Reason to believe it; but for your better Information, I humbly beg leave to recommend you to my Lady.

Sar. Daughter, it gives me much Uneasiness, to hear *Clarissa*'s unfortunate Condition; but hope it is not altogether so bad as it has been represented.

Mam. Your Ladyship cannot hear more than what is literally true; it has created in me the greatest Uneasiness imaginable.

Sar. I know not from whence it can proceed: Not from our Family, I am sure. —— How does *Russelius* bear it?

Mam. With Fortitude.

Sar. Has not his Resentment carried him so far, as to treat *Clarissa* with ill Manners?

Mam. He professes the sincerest Love and Affection for her that can be expected or desired; and, my Daughter says, he has not given her the least Cause to complain: On the contrary, his Temper

per is as sweet and even, and his Behaviour as agreeable to her, as in the Days of their Courtship.

Sar. This is wonderful in a Man of Quality, especially in one so young. — But we must not lose any Time, proper Means must be try'd; and I would give a hundred thousand Crowns to have the Obstacle of their mutual Desires removed.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.

SCENE a Chamber.

Learchus and Vanetta sitting on a Couch.

Lear. Thy Pregnancy, Vanetta, gives me an unspeakable Pleasure; and by all my future Hopes of Happiness, thou art the only Person of thy Sex that has gained my Affection; nor have I seen another Woman, who has Charms enough to supplant you.

Van. Such kind Words would recal my Soul, though it were on the Wing to the other World.

— But I have two Rivals, who, if I may believe them, have Power to withdraw you from me; I mean Medosa and Mordaria.

Lear. Pish! this is their Artifice to make you uneasy; it is not in their Power to alienate my Affection from you.

Van. Then promise me that you will not converse with them for the future.

Lear. How can I avoid their Company? I can not be so rude.

Van. I know the Reason: Have you not had an Affair with Mordaria, at a House near the Green? and I am apt to think, Medosa and Wilhelmina have some of your Favours.

Lear.

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Lear. Thoughts are free, and cannot be confin'd; but ask me no Questions. —— I have given you as much Satisfaction, as you can in Reason demand; therefore let me be satisfied in my turn. —— Shall we retire?

Van. The conquer'd to the Conqueror gives Way,
When you command, with Pleasure I obey. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E III.

S C E N E a Room,

Millmonde and Orainos.

Mill. Do you not wonder, my Lord, at a Behaviour so very different from what you have ever seen in me? What is it I am not to apprehend from the ill Opinion my proceeding in this manner may create in you?

Orain. You have very little to fear from him, Madam, who was born to obey you. —— I should be more than blessed, if I could as easily rid myself of the Apprehensions that this Visit has less of Kindness in it than my fond Wishes has made me hope.

Mill. I give you leave to make what Interpretation you will of this Freedom, provided you do not construe it so much to my Disadvantage, as to think me unworthy of the Favour I came to entreat.

Orain. O Heavens! can you be unkind enough to doubt my Zeal in any Thing that can be of Service to you? Be assured, it must be something more than Life I would refuse to your Commands.

Mill.

Mill. I unfortunately dropt the last Letter which your Lordship sent me, and my Husband taking it up, is so enrag'd that I should receive any Addresses of that Nature, that I have good Reason to dread the Effects. I can think of no Expedient but one.

Orain. Name it, Madam, and depend on my Compliance.

Mill. It is this; that though it was directed to me, you must this Instant write another with the same Superscription, complaining of the Unkindness of my Friend, and entreating me to speak to her in your behalf: For I told the *Chevalier* that it was meant to another Lady of my Acquaintance.

Orain. Madam, I will do any thing that you think may be conducive to your Service.

Mill. My Lord, I am infinitely oblig'd to you: But to take away all Suspicion of a Contrivance, the Person who brings it must do it with an Air of Secrecy, refusing to deliver it into any Hand but my own. This will be sufficient to alram my Husband's outrageous Fury to oblige me to shew it him, than which nothing can be more to my Advantage.

Orain. But, Madam, I must entreat you would permit me to defer the writing of it till you have left me, not being able to lose so much of your Conversation as the Time in forming it will take up.

Mill. I cannot refuse a Favour so trifling, and so obliging to myself.

Orain. Shall I not be bless'd with another Favour, Madam, which I have long sought to obtain.

Mill. Importunity and Opportunity carry with them a Temptation too strong to be resisted, especially when the Tempter has every Thing that is engaging.

Orain.

Orain. Then, Madam, be so kind to withdraw with me into the next Room, since all Things conspire to aid my Wishes.

Mill. I assure your Lordship, that nothing could have prevailed with me to follow the Dictates of my Inclination, which I confess has long pleaded in your behalf, but the barbarous Jealousy and ill Usage of my Husband.

[She gives him her Hand. *Exeunt.*

S C E N E IV.

S C E N E a Chamber.

Medosa alone.

Med. If *Mordaria* can by any Stratagem wean *Learchus* from *Vanetta*, I make no doubt of elbowing her out, and fix myself in his Arms. She has taken a very imprudent Step, in my Opinion, to grant him Possession of the Premises before he had paid a valuable Consideration.

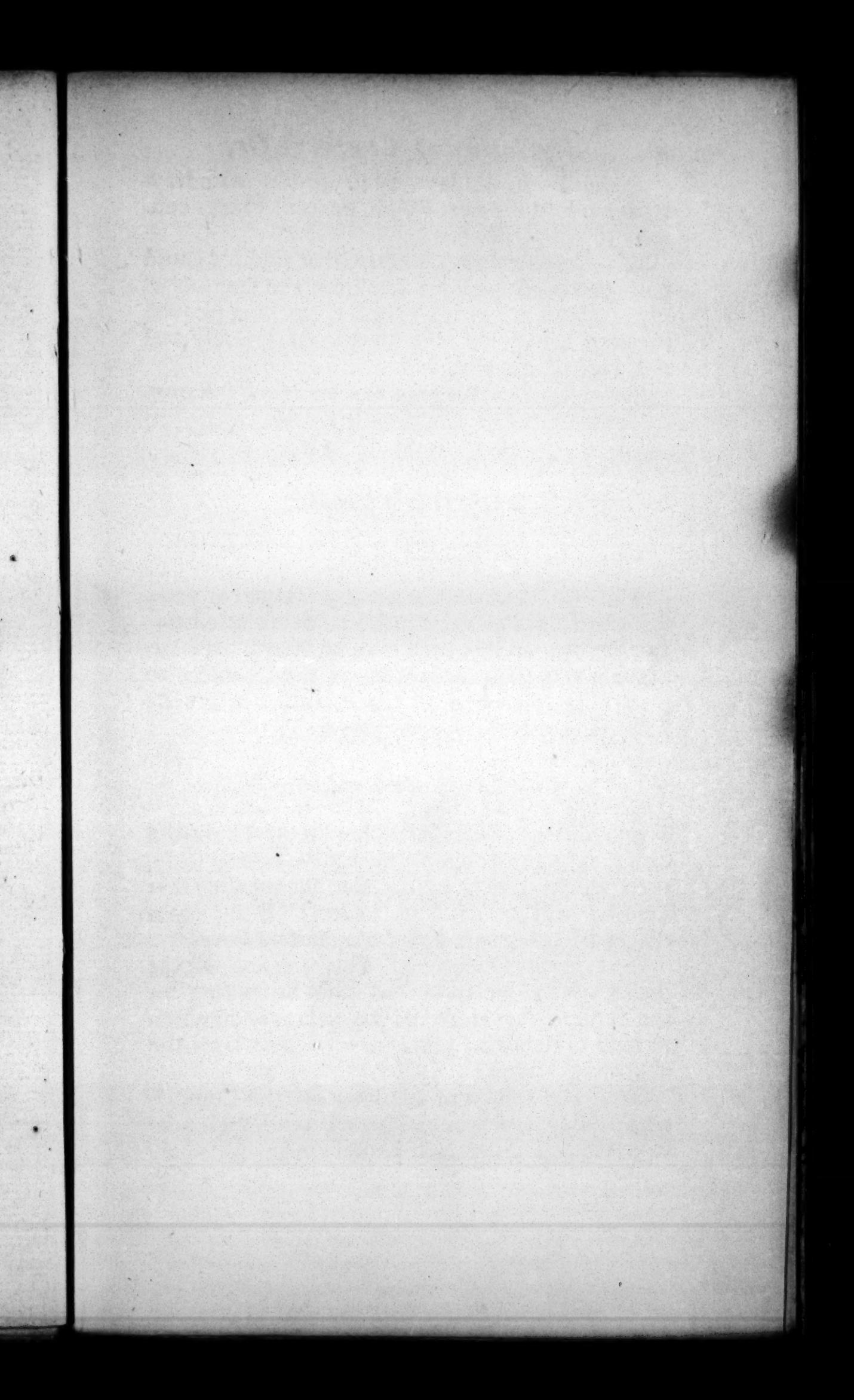
Enter *Copernicus*, and listens.

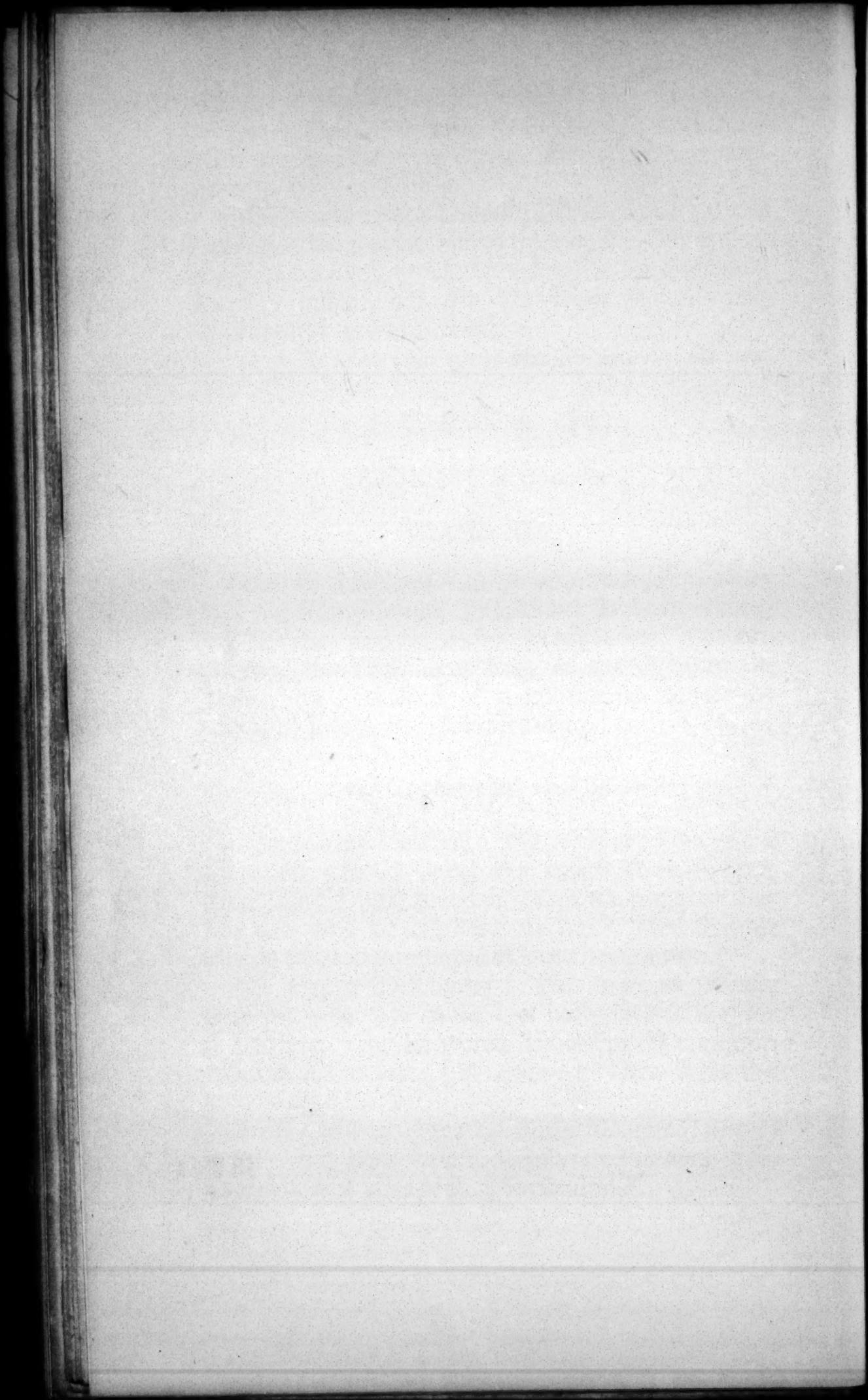
Too credulous *Mordaria*! What General valued a Conquest gained upon the easiest Terms? Nay, even sought and courted. Can she imagine that *Learchus* will be constant to her? Men seldom esteem what is purchased at too cheap a rate.

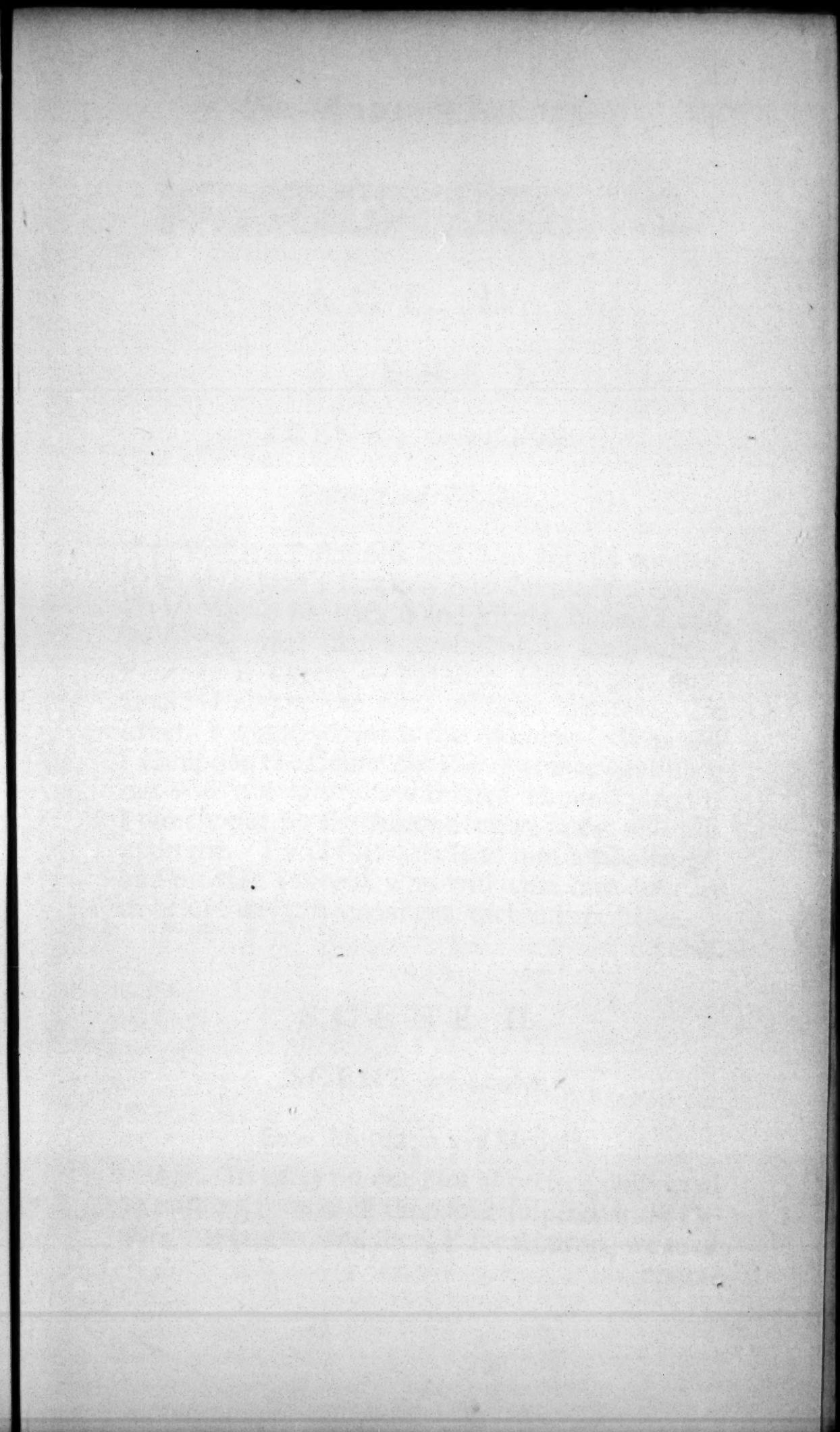
Cop. Happy Discovery! This narrow Escape shall warn me not to be too hasty in trusting for the future. By Heavens, 'tis a Frailty common to most of the Sex. [He appears.] How fares the charming *Medosa*?

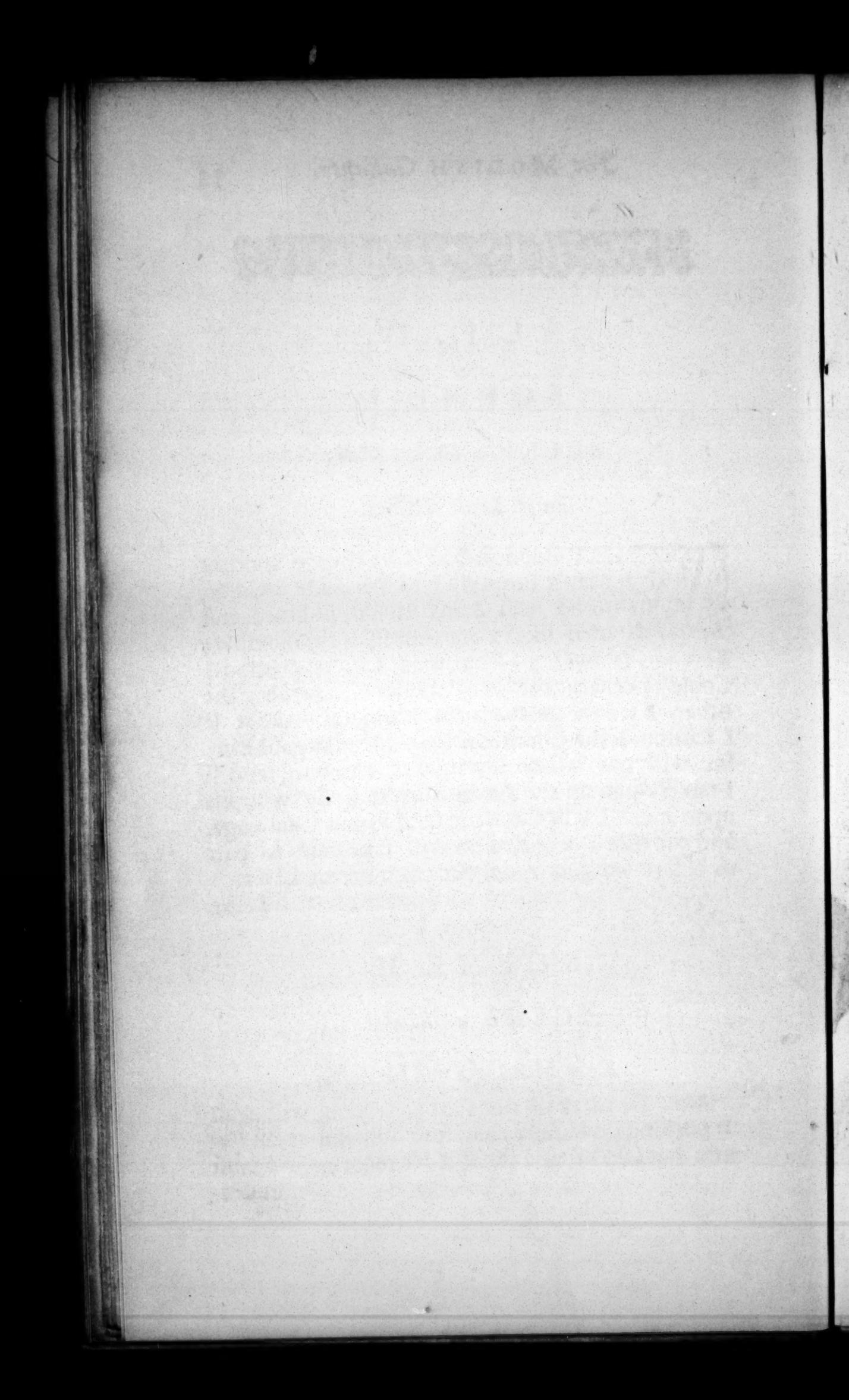
Med. I thank your Lordship for the Complement. But how would *Mordaria* relish such a favourable and unexpected Expression?

Cop.









THE MODISH GALLANTS.

A C T. IV.

S C E N E I.

SCENE a Gravel-Walk.

Enter Lord Whifler.

WHAT Business had I to invade another Man's Property? to be made a Cully, to be trick'd and kick'd, bubbled, and used like a Scoundrel, is intolerable; Revenge is sweet; — but then Life is precious: Could I obtain the one, without hazarding the other, I would pursue it this Moment. What if I Lampoon the Count Del Ponto? It may gaul him, but will not satisfy my injured Honour; and if I tamely put up the Affront, every body will piss upon me. I will therefore send him a Challenge, and provide a Second, who will take care to part us before we can endanger each others Lives.

[Exit.]

S C E N E II.

SCENE a Chamber.

Enter Mordaria and Medosa.

Mor. To carry on our Plot at present, will avail us nothing; we must therefore suspend it till *Vannetta* has laid in, and then, if she recovers, we must endea-

34 *The Intriguing Courtiers: Or,*

endeavour to make *Learchus* jealous: This Point obtained, Success will attend the other.

Med. I agree with you entirely. — If we can jockey *Vanetta*, it will make room for me to win the Plate. [Aside.]

Mor. What are you pausing on, *Medosa*?

Med. I am thinking what Shame the Creature has entailed upon her for ever.

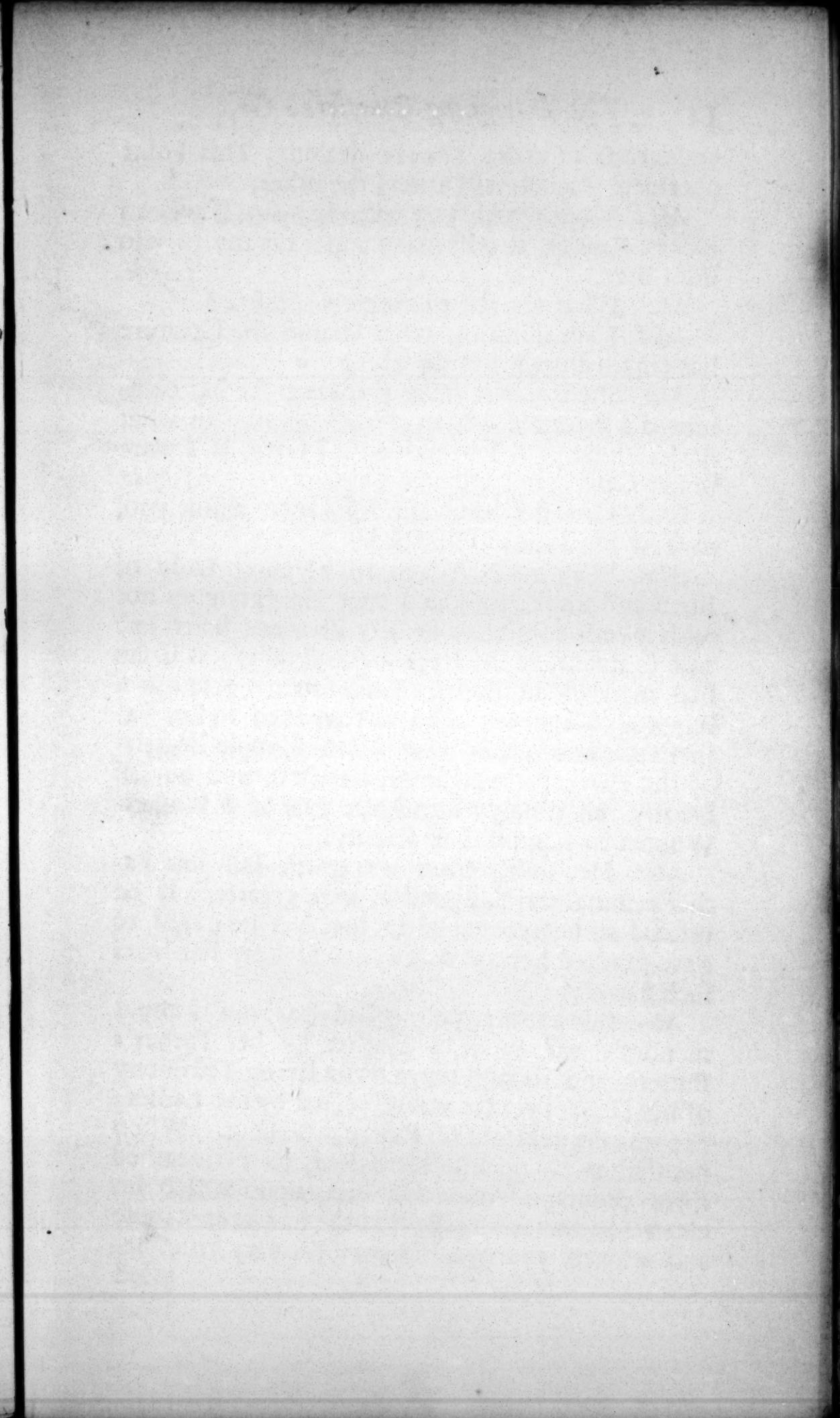
Mor. She is so far from thinking she has committed a shameful Action, that she glories in what she has done. — I would do the same, if I were in her Case. [Aside.]

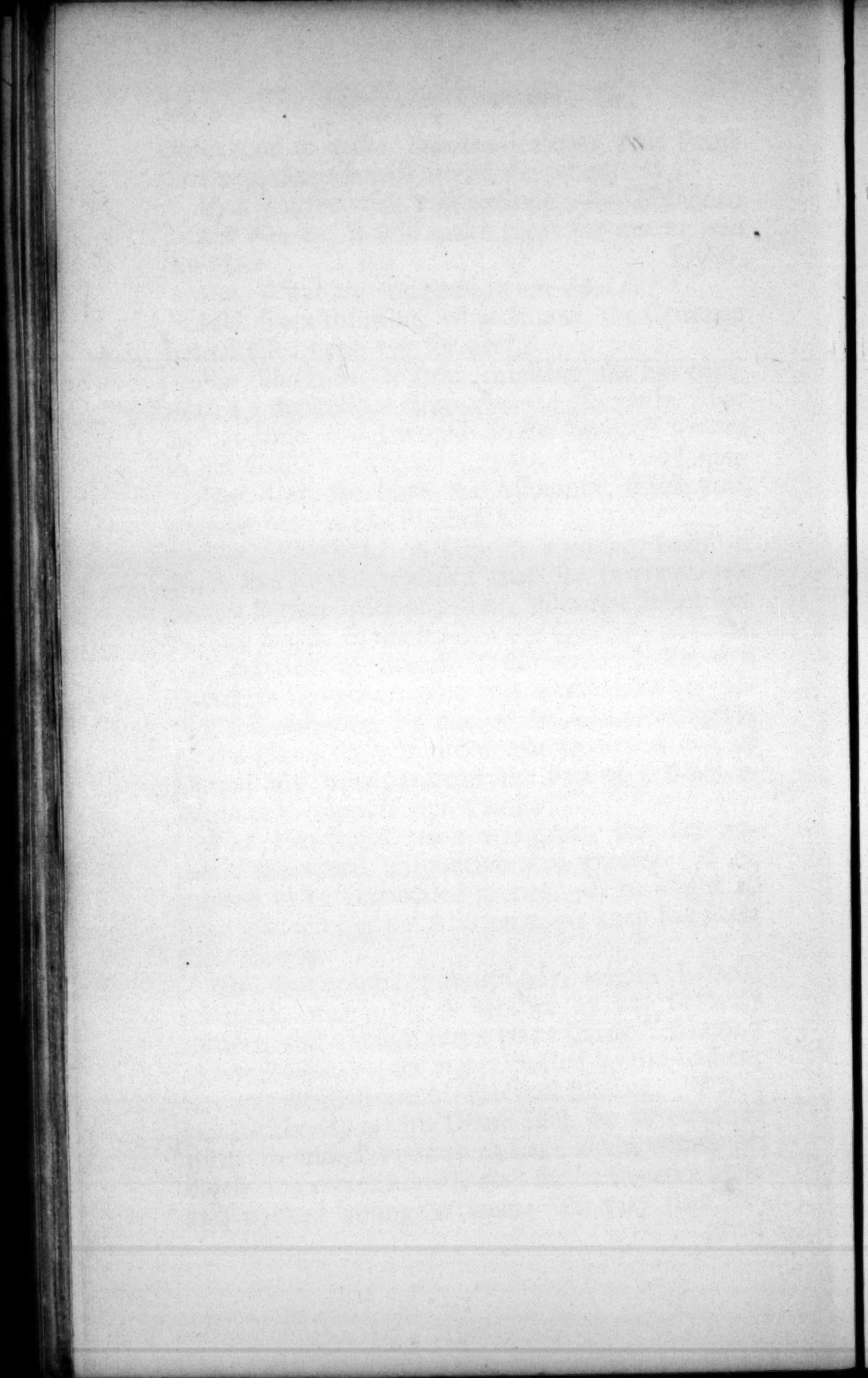
Med. Can she have the Assurance, think you, to shew her Face in Publick?

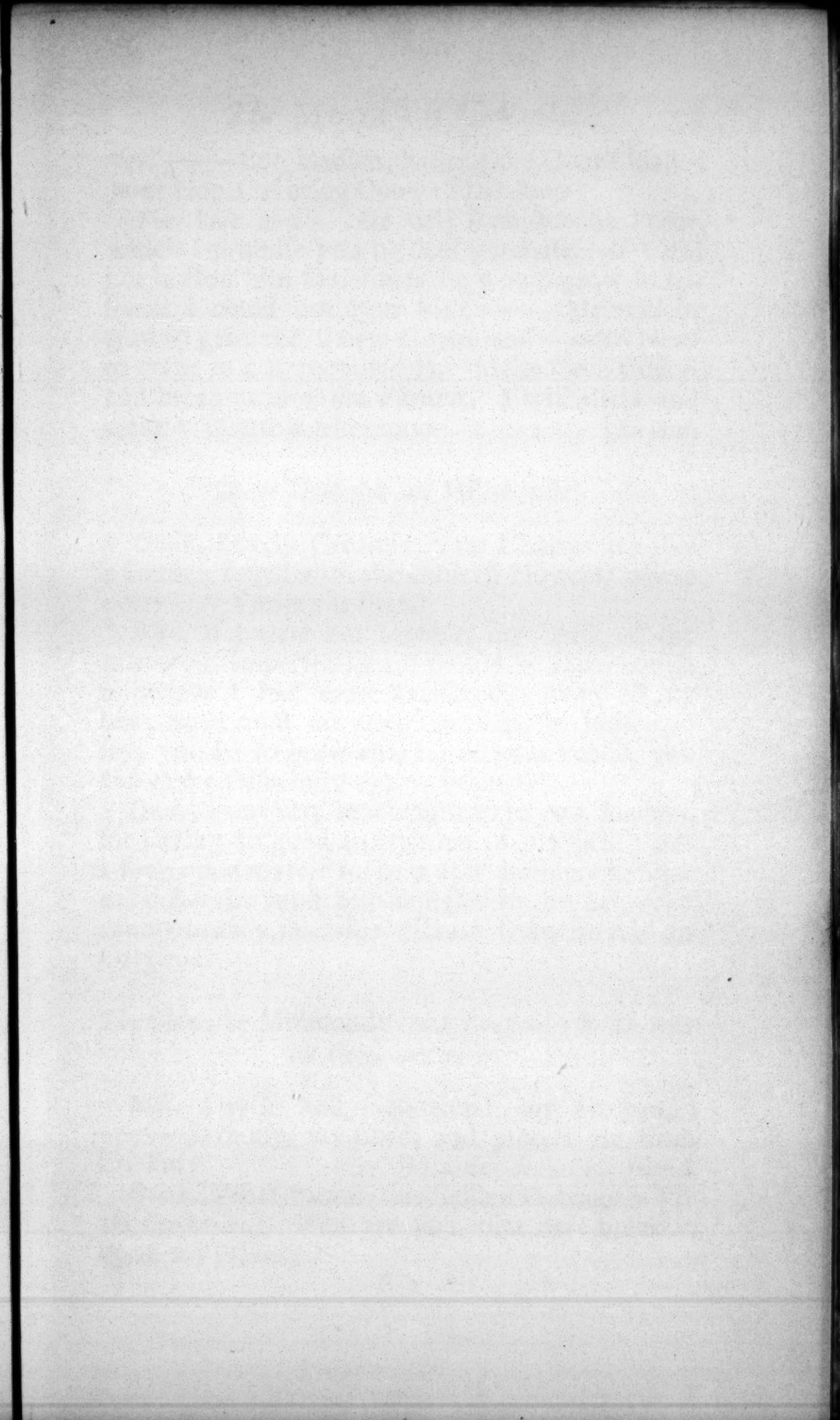
Mor. Why not? A Slip in a young Lady of Birth and Rank, provided that she intrigues not with a Person inferior to her, does not lessen her half so much, in the Eyes of the Quality, as if she had married an honest Tradesman. I knew a Baronet's Daughter, who was wedded to her Father's Coachman, by one of the Couple-Beggars of the Fleet; she was immediately turned out of Doors, and now performs the Part of a Washer-Woman to support her Family.

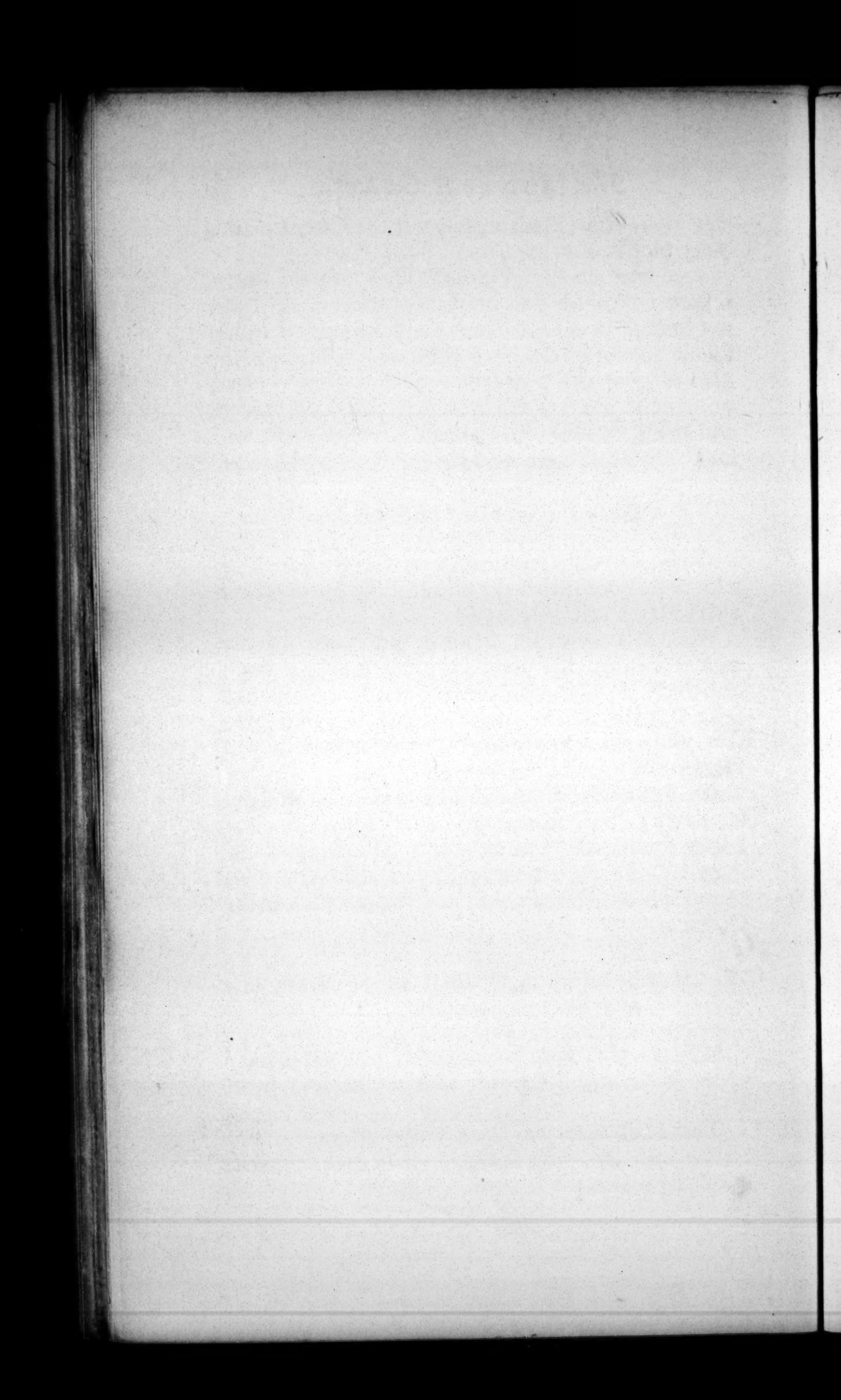
Med. Her Indiscretion was great, but her Father's unnatural Disposition was greater. If he refused to be reconciled to her, yet he ought to have granted her an Allowance to keep her from such Slavery.

Mor. But another young Lady, whom I could mention, was made a Mother by her Father's Butlers, and though there was a living Testimony of her Shame, yet she was respected by the Ladies; nor was she destitute of Paternal Blessing. When her Father lay on his Death-Bed, he bequeathed three thousand Pounds to her; upon which his eldest Son remonstrated, that she had been a loose and wicked young Woman: 'Tis very true, replied









ver. —— But, Madam, has not the Count blasted your Hopes of being Countess *Del Ponto*?

Fen. Not at all. He will soon sue for Peace, which I promise you he shall purchase. If I did not hector him sometimes he would grow so insolent I could not bear him. —— He will be glad to give me a new Gown and a laced Head to come to a Reconciliation. Make some Coffee, and bring it into the Parlour. I will dress and make a Visit this Afternoon. [Exeunt,

Enter Orainos and Millmonde.

Orain. Lovely Creature, your Charms are like a Garden stored with the choicest Flowers, where every Day Variety is found.

Mill. If I were not sensible, my Lord, of my numerous Imperfections, I should be vain enough to believe I had more Excellencies than all my Sex; but I must do your Lordship the Justice to say, you are so great a Master of your Pencil, you can make Deformity appear beautiful.

Orain. I am very much obliged to you, Madam, for having so good an Opinion of my Skill; but I look upon myself to be a very indifferent Limner: But he must be a Bungler in the Art, who cannot draw a tolerable Picture from so fair an Original.

The Chevalier Millmonde and Constables break open the Door, and enter.

Mill. Death and Confusion! my Husband! —— Save me, my Lord, and protect me from his Fury. [Orainos draws his Sword.

Orain. What means this sudden Outrage? [To the Constables.] Who are you, that dare break in upon my Privacy?

40 *The Intriguing Courtiers: Or,*
1st Conſt. I command the Peace.

[Orianos puts up his Sword.]

2^d Conſt. We come by virtue of a Warrant to aid this Gentleman in the Recovery of his Wife.

Chev. Base, ungenerous Woman! Did I not warn you to refrain from this Nobleman's Company, whose Tongue would delude a vestal Virgin?

Orain. Chevalier, I am ready to give you such Satisfaction as a Man of Honour and Spirit can demand:

Chev. My Lord, we will talk of that Affair hereafter; but at present I shall take such Measures as the Law directs, and proceed against you in due Form.

Mill. For Heaven's sake, my Lord, make this Matter easy if you can. [She pretends to weep.]

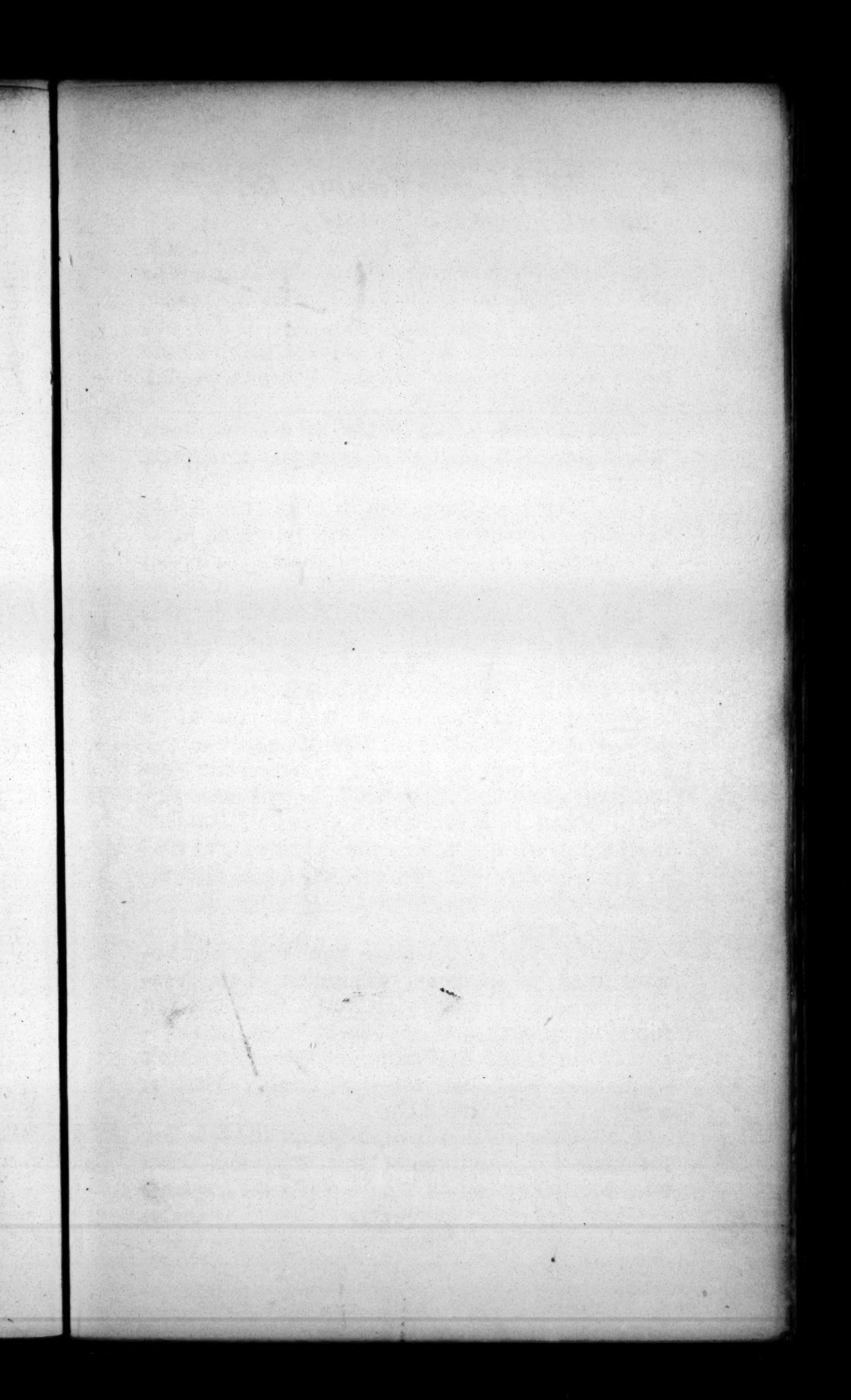
Orain. Hark you, Chevalier Millmonde, your Wife's Virtue is hitherto unfulfilled; but if you bring this Affair into Court, and she should be proved guilty, which I very much question, yet consider you will be obliged to return her Fortune, or allow her a separate Maintenance. Reflect likewise how much such Affairs redound to the Dishonour of the innocent Husband, as well as erring Wife. Will you hearken to an Accommodation?

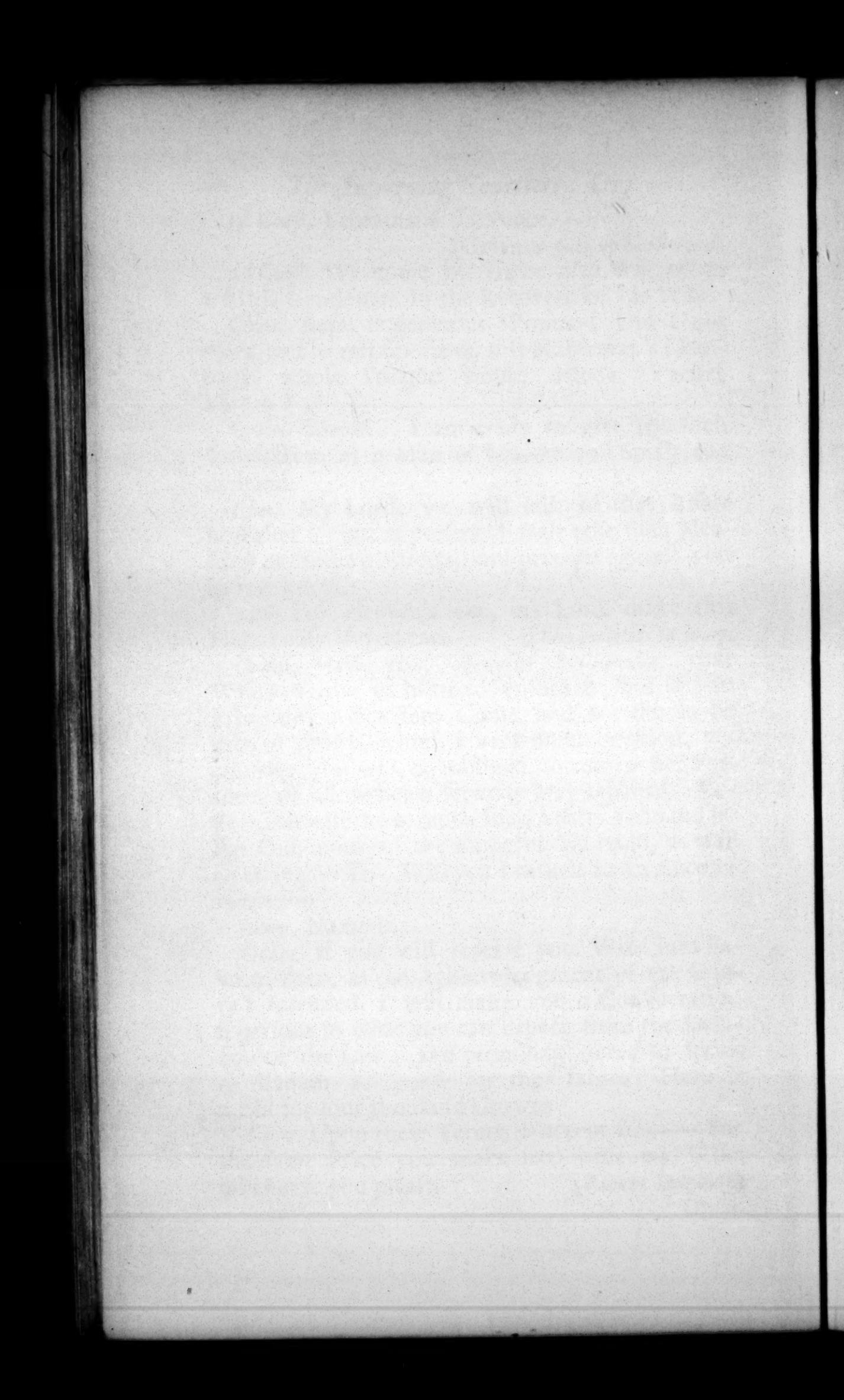
Chev. Name it.

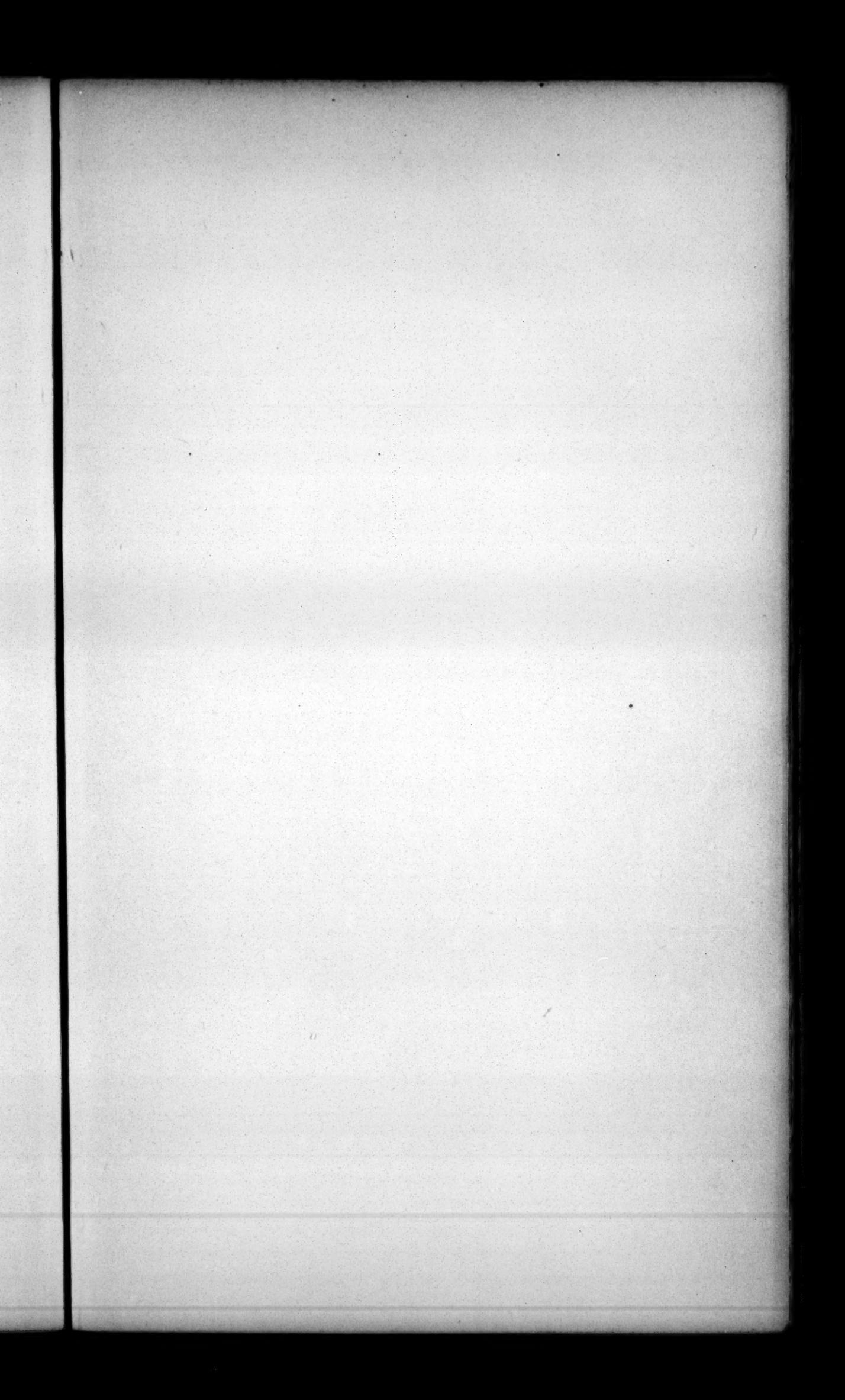
Orain. If you will receive your Wife into Favour, then, as an Acknowledgment of the Injury I intended, I will make you a Consideration superior to what you can expect from the Decision of the Law; and promising never to speak to Madam Millmonde for the future: Here is a Bill for four thousand Crowns.

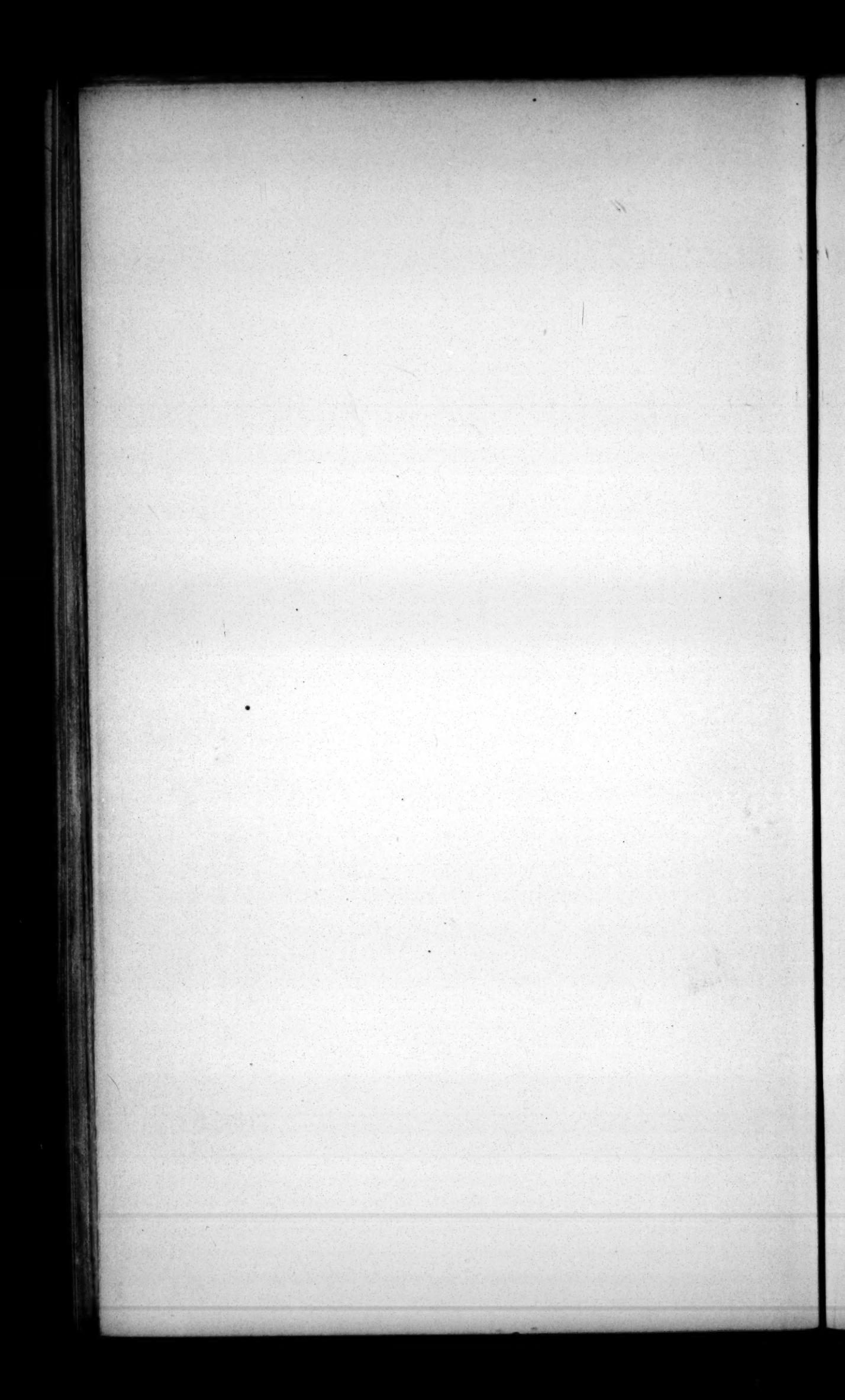
Chev. Upon these Terms, I accept it. — For the same Price you make free with my Wife, whenever you please. [Exeunt laughing.]

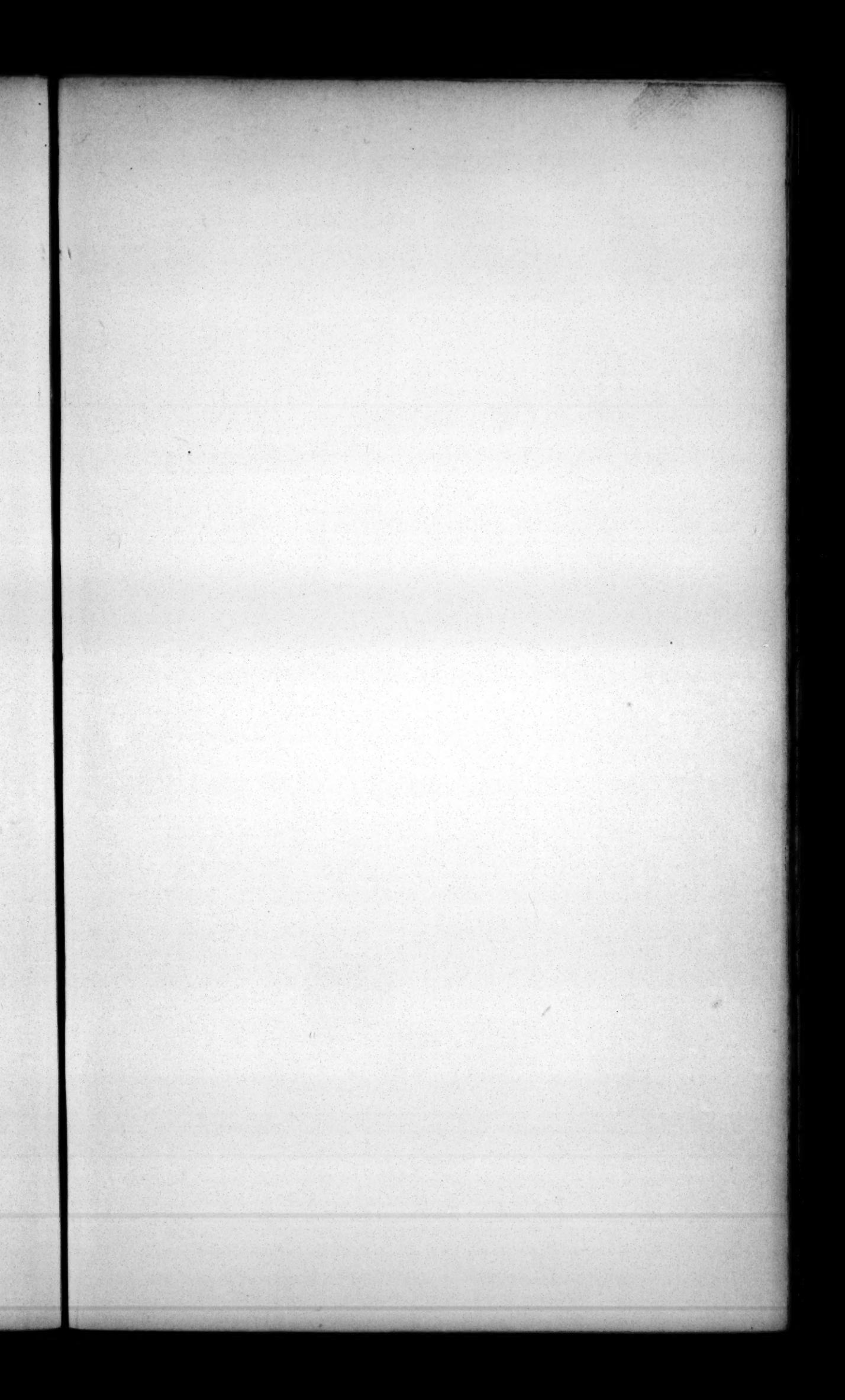
Orain.

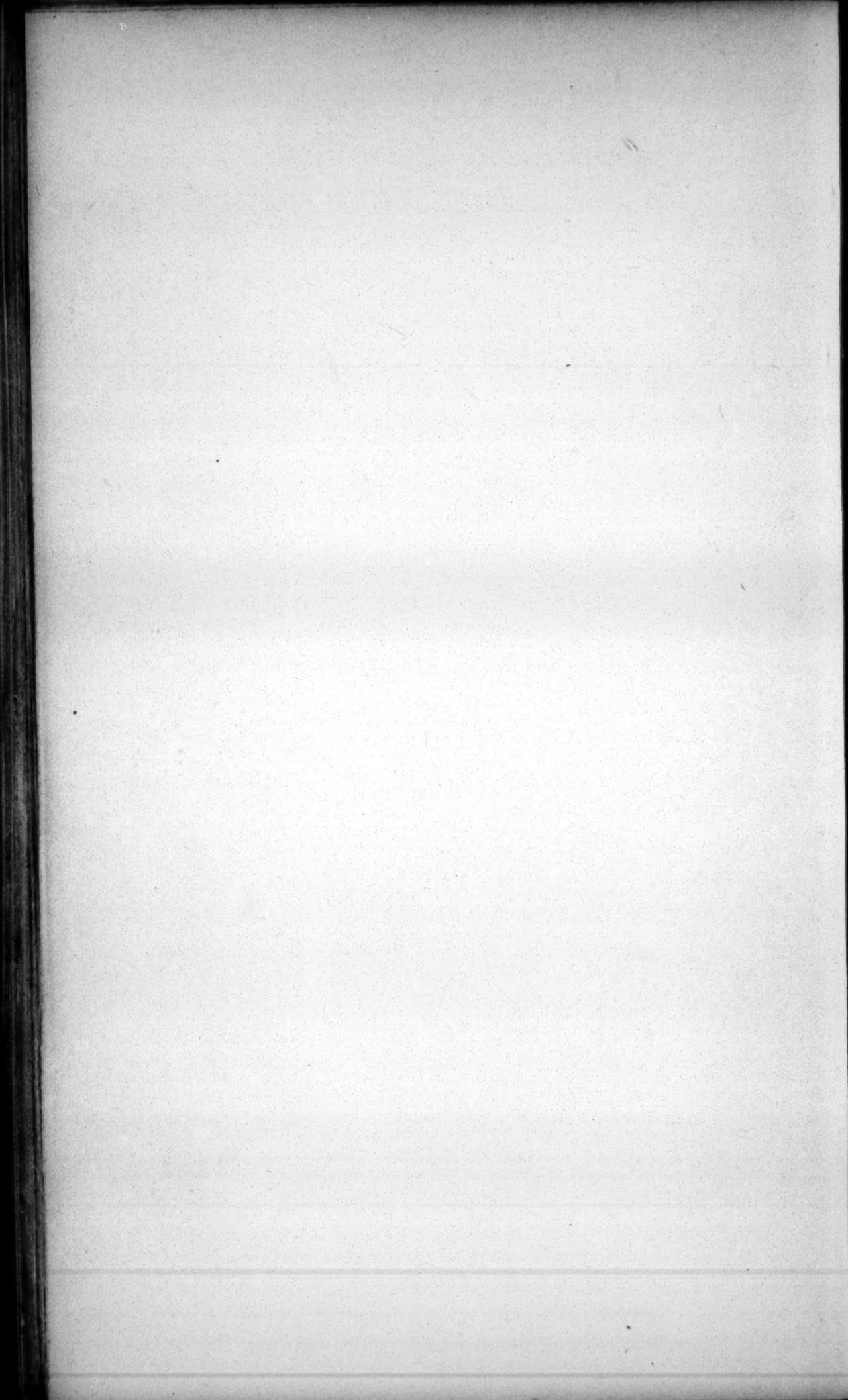


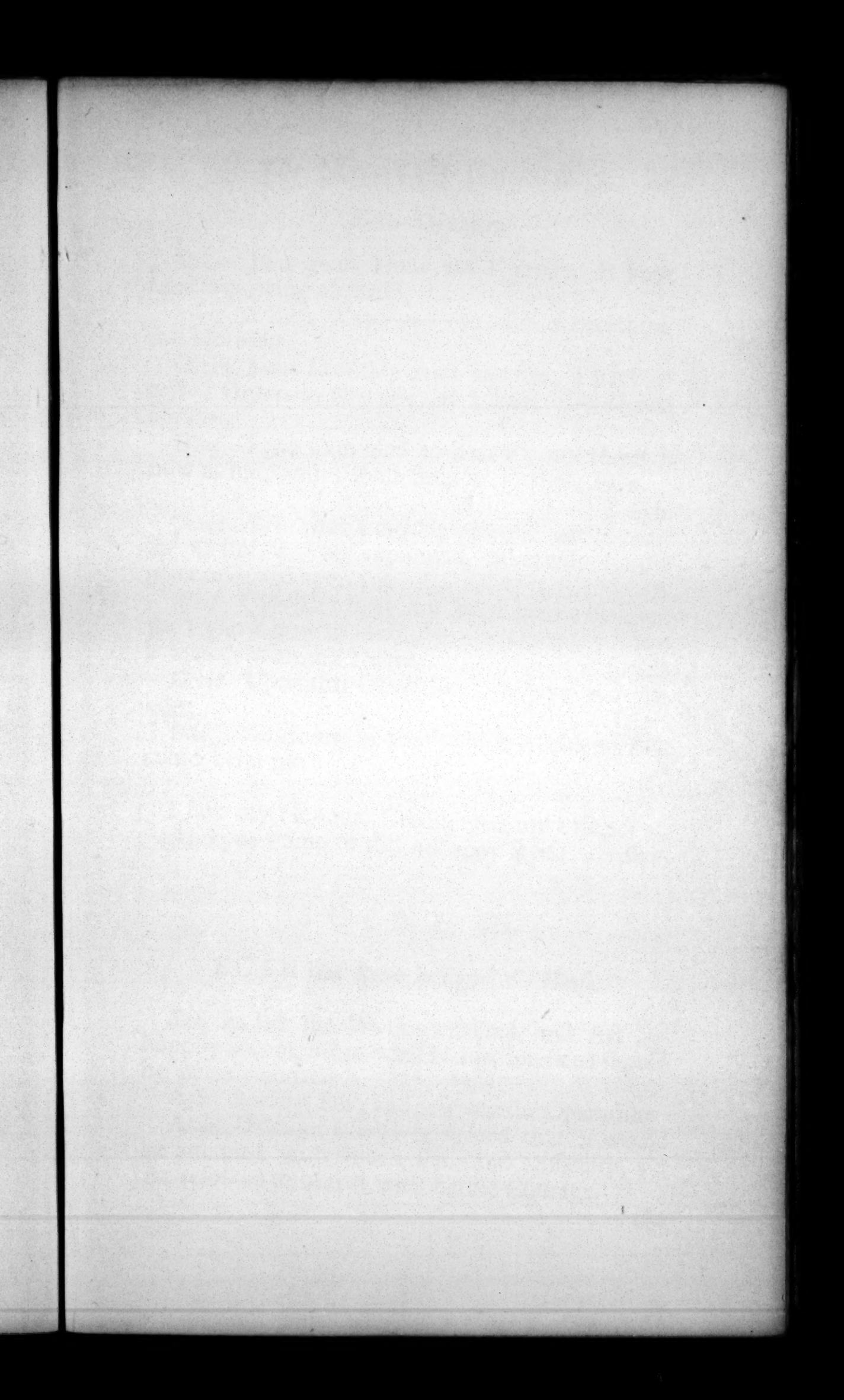


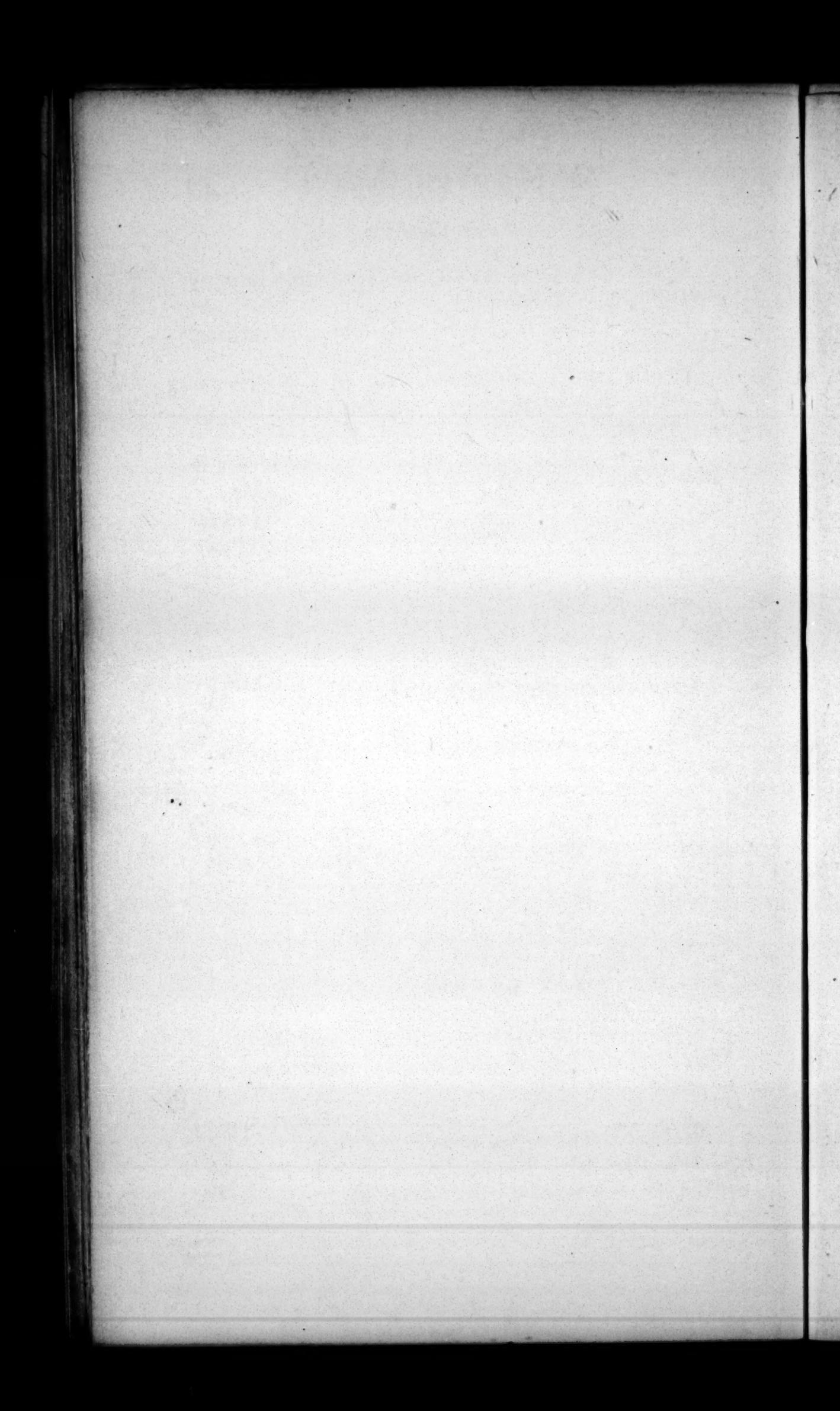












Enter Oranios:

Orain. In a good Hour am I come, is your Lordship going abroad?

Whif. A little Way —— to take a Breathing this Morning.

Orain. Your Lordship must not stir, I have received Orders to stop you, as I have the Count Del Ponto.

Whif. 'Egad I am glad to hear it; my Heart is now at rest, and I shall sleep in a whole Skin.

[Aside.]

Orain. Will your Lordship promise not to meet the Count, as you appointed, otherwise I must place a Guard upon you.

Whif. Though I have not been bred a Soldier, yet I know how to obey; —— especially when it squares with my Desire. [Aside.]

Orain. Upon this Condition you have your Liberty. [Exit.]

Whif. This is one of the luckiest Accidents that could befall me:

I save my Honour, Credit, and my Life.
And put a Stop to this unhappy Strife. [Exit.]

S C E N E III.

S C E N E a Room in Egerius's House;

Sar. At last the Work's effected, and Art has happily accomplished what Nature intended should be never removed.

Eger. Speedy, safe, and easy was the Operation.

Mam. Though Clarissa imagined that it would be attended with much Pain and Difficulty, yet she resolved to bear it with heroic Courage.

Cla.

Cla. I hope there is no room left for Reproach if my unhappy Case did reach the Ears of any malicious Person.

Eger. Reflections, on such an Occasion, would be a manifest Proof of an ungenerous Soul; but I am apt to think none will be cast.

Sar. The inferior Sort dare not; and the Quality will refrain from Censure for their own Sakes, lest their Failures of an enormous Kind should be exposed.

Mam. My Lord *Egerius*, you must draw your Purse-Strings to obviate any Objections that *Russelius* may make in Relation to this Affair.

Eger. I do not know what your Ladyship would be at; you know I have already given her a Portion much larger than I could well spare.

Mam. Don't tell me, my Lord, of your sparing, there is an absolute Necessity for it at Present, and I demand twenty thousand Crowns.

Eger. Well, well, if you insist upon it, you must have it

Mam. I must and will have it.

Eger. Why then, to purchase Peace, here is a Bill for that Sum.

Sar. Remember your Cue; the Operation was performed by a Woman.

Enter *Russelius*, who addresses himself to Saralla.

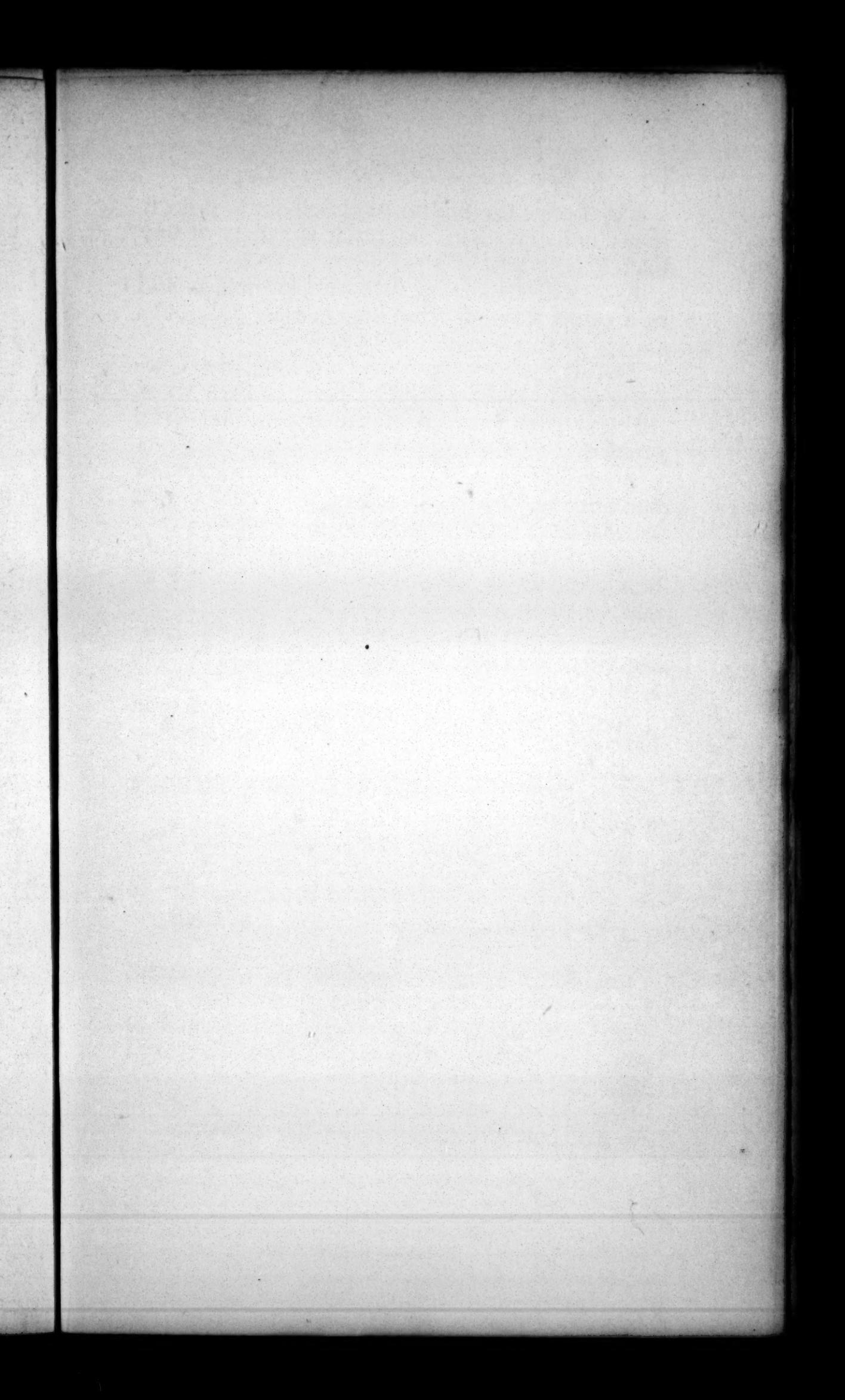
Rus. Madam, in Obedience to your Summons, I come to know your Ladyship's Commands.

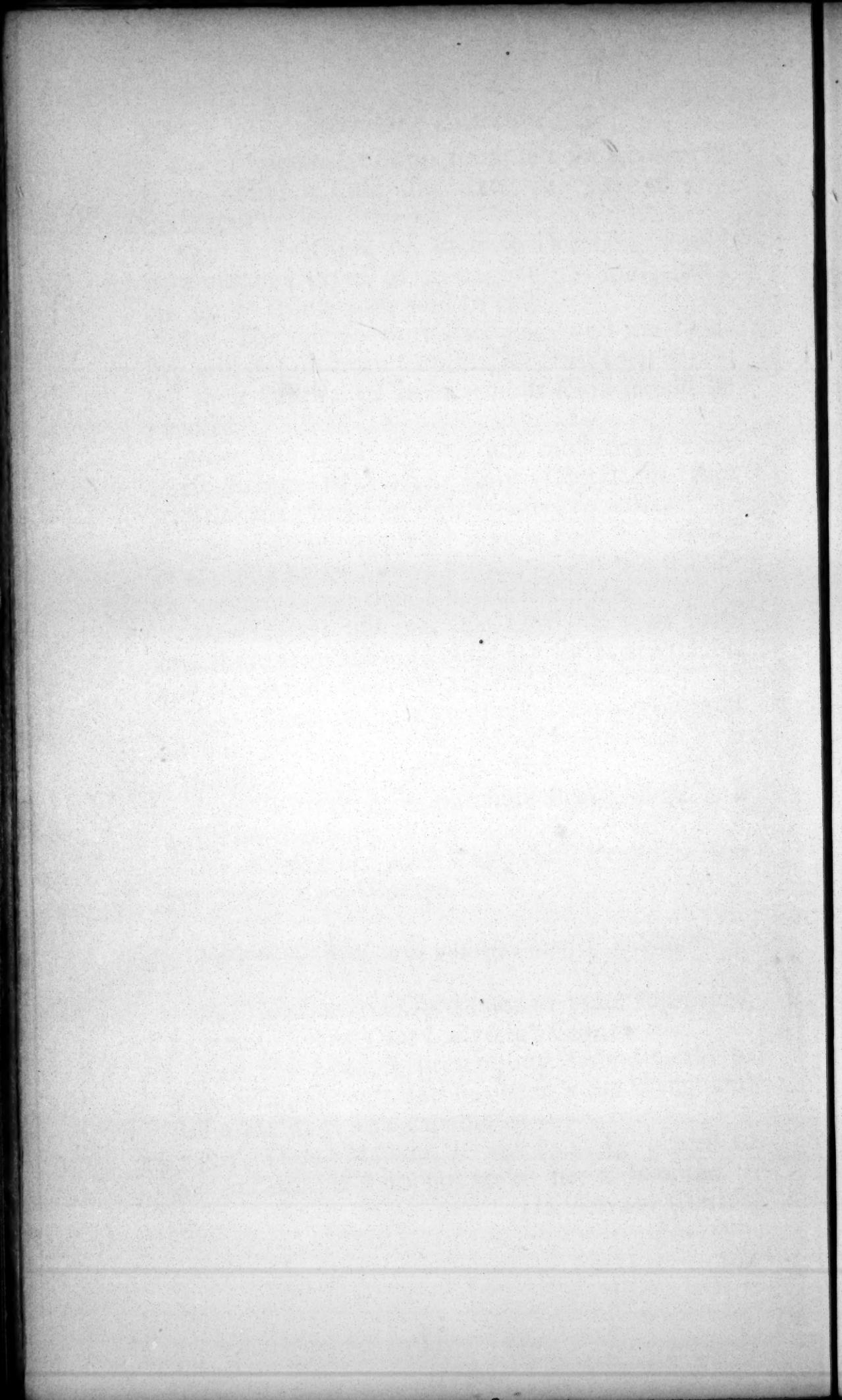
Sar. My Lord, I present my Grand-Child to you, who, though she has been your Wife, and still a Maid, is now capable of —

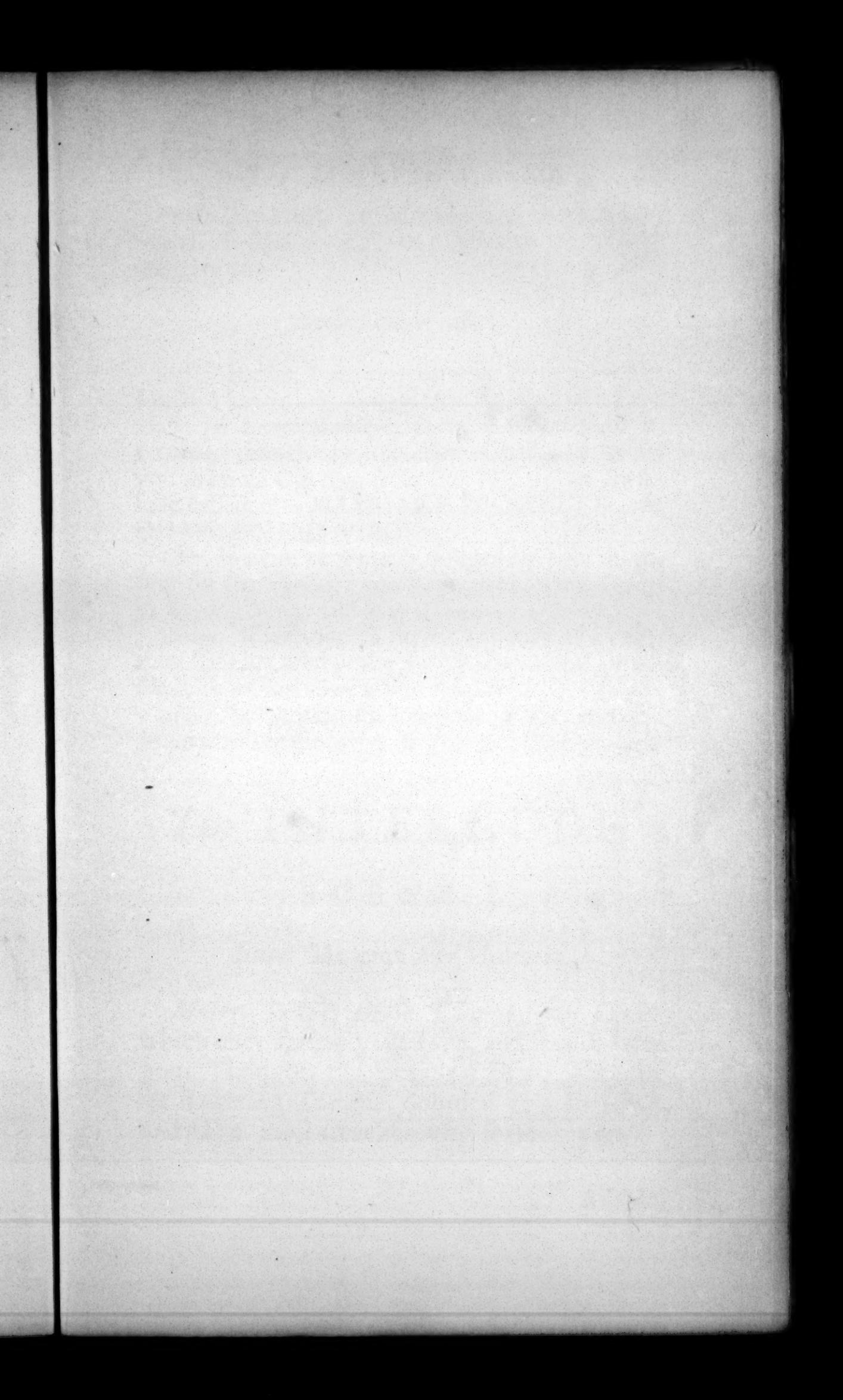
Rus. Then, Madam, let the Fault be placed to my Account, if I do not make her a Woman.

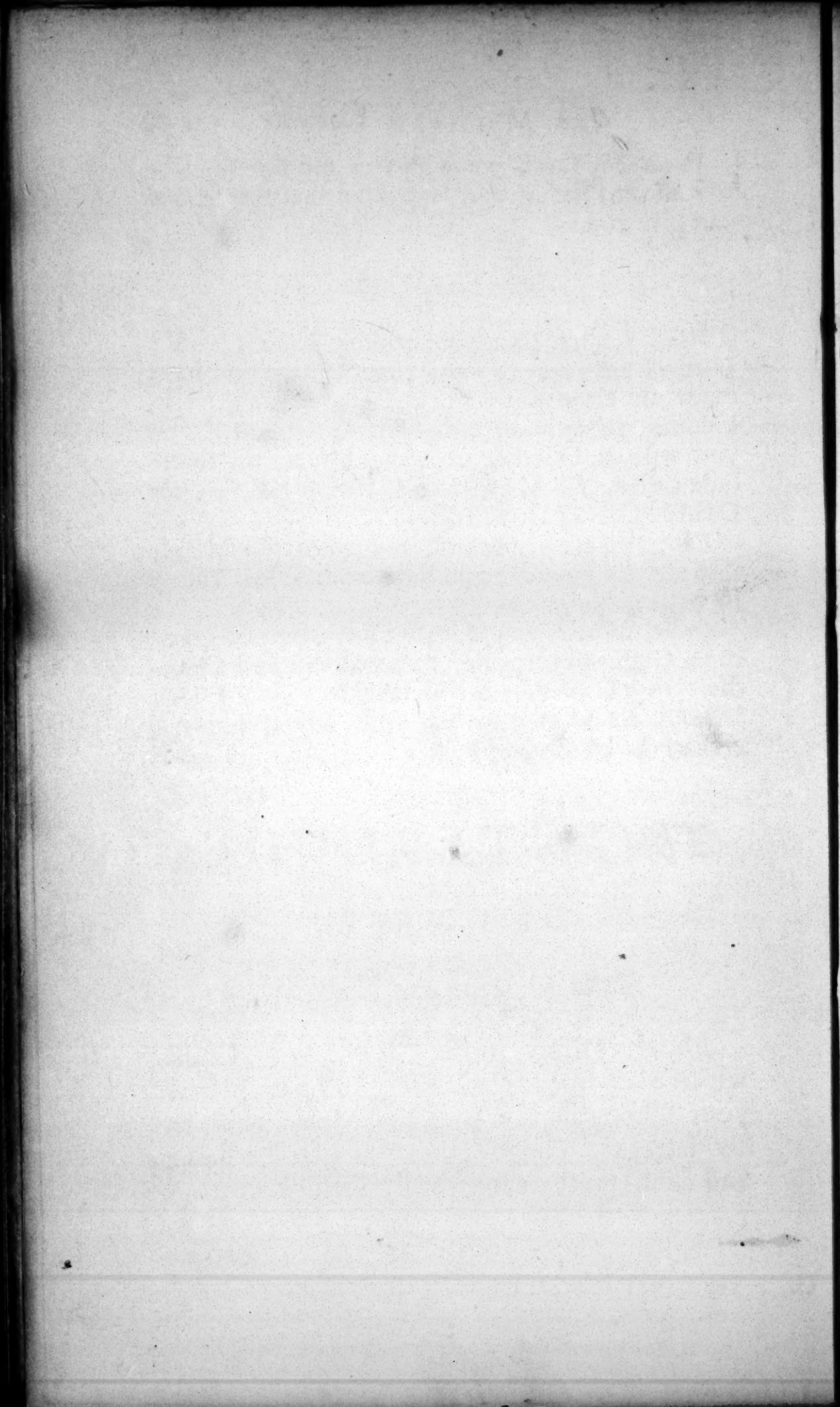
[He embraces Clarissa.]

Cla.









Orain. My Lord, we wish you and the fair Clariſſa all the Pleasure and Happiness that this World can give you.

Enter Lord Whiffler.

Whif. Ladies, I am your humble Servant -- My Lords, I am yours. —— Hearing that you have made an Entertainment, and the Occasion of it, I come, though an unbidden Guest, to divert you with an Offering from the Muses; an Interlude called, *The MARRIAGE PROMISE; or, the DISAPPOINTED VIRGIN.*

Clar. We are very much obliged to your Lordship for the Favour; you have an excellent Talent in writing Songs and Plays. ——

Orain. Which would surfeit any Man of a common Genius, except the Pastry-Cooks and Chandlers, to whom they are beneficial. {Aside.

Whif. Be pleased to seat your selves, and the Actors shall begin. [They sit down.

The INTERLUDE.

SCENE I.

Enter Materna and Holtaria.

Mater. Dispel those Clouds, my Child, which over-spread your Face, and banish from your Thoughts the perjured Man, who, by his flattering Tongue, deluded you to Love, and then most treacherously forsook you.

SONG

SONG I. Take a young Virgin of fifteen
Years.

Love is a Warfare, and has its Campaigns ;
 All Lovers are Soldiers, and Cupid, who reigns
 With Power supreme, will examine your Case,
 And sentence the Caitiff with Shame and Disgrace.
 Justice is certain, altho' it be slow,
 No longer Vow-breakers unpunish'd shall go ;
A Chain
Shall give Pain ;
Allurers,
Perjurers,
And Rebels to Love feel her Vengence with Woe.

Hol. O Mother, my Heart is ready to
 Burst ; and though I now think upon Per-
 fidius with as much Detestation, as I former-
 ly entertained him with Love, yet I cannot
 bear to be used as if I had been a cast-off
 Mistress.

SONG II. 'Twas when the Seas was roar-
ing.

O what have I been doing,
 A fond believing Maid !
 I now am brought to ruin,
 By perjur'd Man betray'd.
 Alas ! too soon consenting
 Has wrought my overthrow,
 Too late is now repenting,
 Unpitied I must go.

Mat. Cease lamenting, Holtaria, and consider that it is better to lose a false Lover than to find him; nothing shall be wanting in me to obtain all the Satisfaction that the Law can give you, and will discharge my Duty with Pleasure.

SONG III. Vain Bellinda, &c.

Nature pleads strong within my Breast,
Holtaria soon shall be redress'd;
No Pains for you, no Cost I'll spare,
To carry on your Cause, my Dear. [Excuse!]

SCENE II.

Enter Jacomo and Maria.

Ja. Come, Come, Maria, declare your Mind freely, and let a Man know what he has to trust too.

Ma. Lud! Lud! How hasty you are, Jacomo? methinks there is more Pleasure in Wooing, then there is in Matrimony.

Ja. You may be a Judge of the one, but not of the other.

SONG IV. The Lass of Patie's Mill.

When Lovers do agree,
Then Love is sure a Feast;
What Pleasure can it be
To see and never taste?
Then let the Priest say Grace,
And so Love's Banquet try;
The Bed is sure the Place,
The Guests are you and I.

Ma.

Ma. There are two Words to a Bargain,
Jacomo, and though I may think of Matrimony, yet I will not consent to be wedded untill the Tryal be over, and if you perform your Promise in declaring the Truth, I then will comply with your Request.

Ja. I will perform it, though I know beforehand I shall lose my Place.

SONG V. *Bessy Bell.*

*Sure injured Virtue may demand
 From Justice Reparation ;
 And he that lends a helping Hand,
 Can't lose his Reputation.
 But he, that does the Truth conceal,
 Is guilty of the Crime, Sir ;
 Be free, and what you know reveal,
 For this is now the Time, Sir.*

Let's hasten to the Court, for if we should be too late, my Mistress will lose the Cause,

SCENE III.

Enter Materna, Holtaria, and Perfidius.

Per. Madam, I am heartily sorry for the Injury I have done *Holtaria*, and as the Cause is now on Tryal, I come to offer Terms of Accommodation, before the Jury bring in a Verdict. Will you accept of eight thousand Crowns for your Satisfaction ?

Ma.

Ma. I am determined to wait the Issue, and
shall be content with what the Law decrees.

SONG VI. Let Ambition fire the Mind.

*He that does a Rebel prove,
To the little God of Love,
Soon will find his conscious Heart,
Tortur'd with a killing Smart.*

Perf. Can you be inexorable, fair Maid?

Hol. Can you have the Assurance to ask
any Favour from me, ungenerous Man! I
shall do nothing without my Mother's Ap-
probation.

Per. Then I plainly see my Fate.

SONG VII. The Irish Howl.

*The Day I rue, when first I laid
My Eyes on thee, thou charming Maid;
Thy angry Looks and just D disdain
Have fill'd my Mind with Rage and Pain.*

Oh, ob ray, ob Amborah, oh, oh, &c.

[Enter Jacamo and Maria.]

Jac. Madam, I wish you Joy: The Jury
have brought in a Verdict for Madam Hol-
taria, and given three thousand Pounds
Damage.

Mat. I thank you for your good News;
here are twenty Guineas to reward your Fi-
delity.

Hol. And here are as many more to reward
Maria.

Jac.

68 *The Intriguing Courtiers: Or,*

Jac. But Ladies, we have a Request to make.

Mat. Name it.

Jac. That you will please to consent to our being made one Flesh.

Mat. { With all our Hearts.

Hol. }

Ma. Then Jacomo and I shall be happy.

SONG VIII. *Winchester Wedding*

Jac. Happy are Lovers when wedded,
At first they ne'er complain,
And happier sure when bedded
And pleasing to both is the Pain.

Ma. Hereafter tho' Joys may arise,
The Sight of the glittering Gold
With Transport doth cherish her Eyes,
We think on To have and to Hold?

[Exeunt.

[The Company rise and come forward.]

Ruf. My Lord Whifler we are infinitely obliged to you for this Entertainment, and must insist upon your accompanying us this Day, [Whifler bows by way of expressing his Consent.

They, who are single, seldom fail to meet,
Some bitter Potion to allay the Sweet :
Not so in Wedlock, for a virtuous Wife
Sweetens the Bitters of a married Life.

F I N I S.

